THE BYSTANDER
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AUGUST 6, 1930
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A BRILLIANT STORY: By STELLA BENSON

the BYSTANDER

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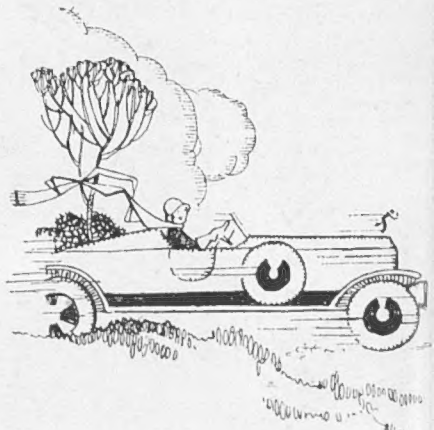
YESTERDAY

TODAY



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The Miracle of Today
is the
Commonplace of Tomorrow

The Bystander, August 6, 1930 No. 1390. Vol. CVII

the BYSTANDER

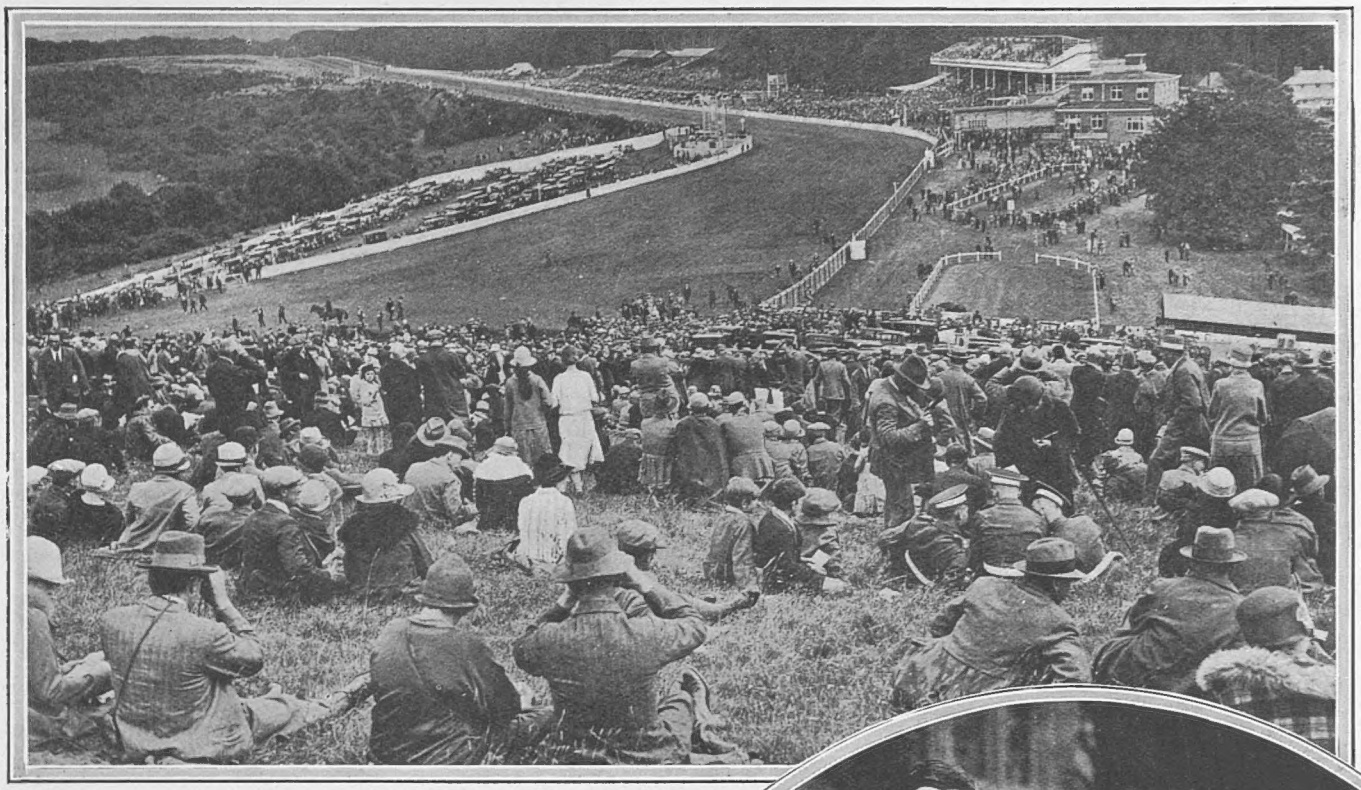
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

The English actress, who has recently scored a great success in the States, has been on holiday preparatory to starting rehearsals for Noel Coward's new play, "Private Lives." She is seen in the grounds of La Caponcina, the lovely villa belonging to Capt. Molyneux, the famous dress designer, in the South of France

ANOTHER FISHING YARN

P. & A.

Mrs. Davis, the well-known equestrienne, who is known professionally as Marilyn Mills, with the two large Jew-fish she and Mr. J. Charles Davis, the American film producer, caught in Southern California. As the combined weight of the fish was 702 lbs. a disappointed angler on seeing their catch might well be forgiven for muttering "liar!" as he slunk away, despite the fact that there were witnesses in plenty to the catch



Keystone

"GLORIOUS GOODWOOD" RETAINS ITS REPUTATION

A view of the charming Goodwood course where the racing last week proved that this essentially holiday meeting has not lost any of its popularity

The Passing Hour

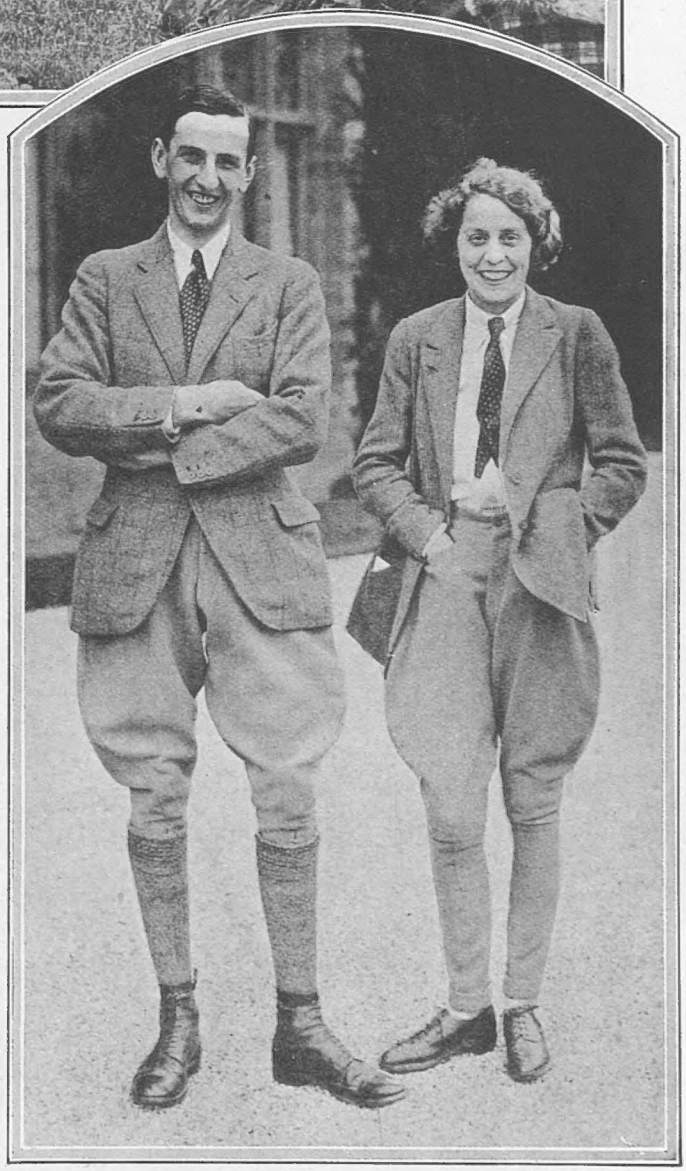
HOLIDAY plans are all that one hears discussed now, although it would appear that many people are delaying their departure until later than usual this year. Many cricket enthusiasts will remain until next week in order to see the final Test match. Where the Prince of Wales is going has not been disclosed, though Biarritz is a likely place, if only because the Chiberta links there are the best in France in the opinion of many people. Besides, Biarritz was a favourite holiday resort of the late King Edward.

Royal Plans

THE PRINCE, however, does not like his holiday plans divulged in advance. When it leaked out that he was going to Le Touquet for Buck's Club week-end, he promptly cancelled his suite at the Golf Hotel. In the same way, if his presence at a dance club or restaurant is announced he frequently gives that place a "miss" for some little time. At the moment it sounds possible that he may go to his Canadian ranch with Sir Philip Sassoon next month. But nothing seems to be settled.

The Two Fannies

LATE though it is in the summer, the Americans, as usual, keep on visiting us. It is surprising that no one in their own country tells them that it is almost as dull to visit London as it is New York in August. Three of the best-known Americans here at the moment are the Two Fannies—Ward and Hurst—and Buster Keaton. I have seen all three in the past few days. Buster Keaton was in the Strand. He had his back to me, but the utterly woe-begone set of his shoulders, the grief evident even in the back of his knees, and the slouch of his hat made it quite obvious who it was before he even looked round and exposed



Central News

The Hon. Angela Pearson, the third daughter of Lord and Lady Cowdray, with her fiancé, Mr. George Anthony Murray, whose wedding will take place on August 25. The reception will be held in the great Buck Hall at Cowdray

A TUSSLE AT THE TABLES

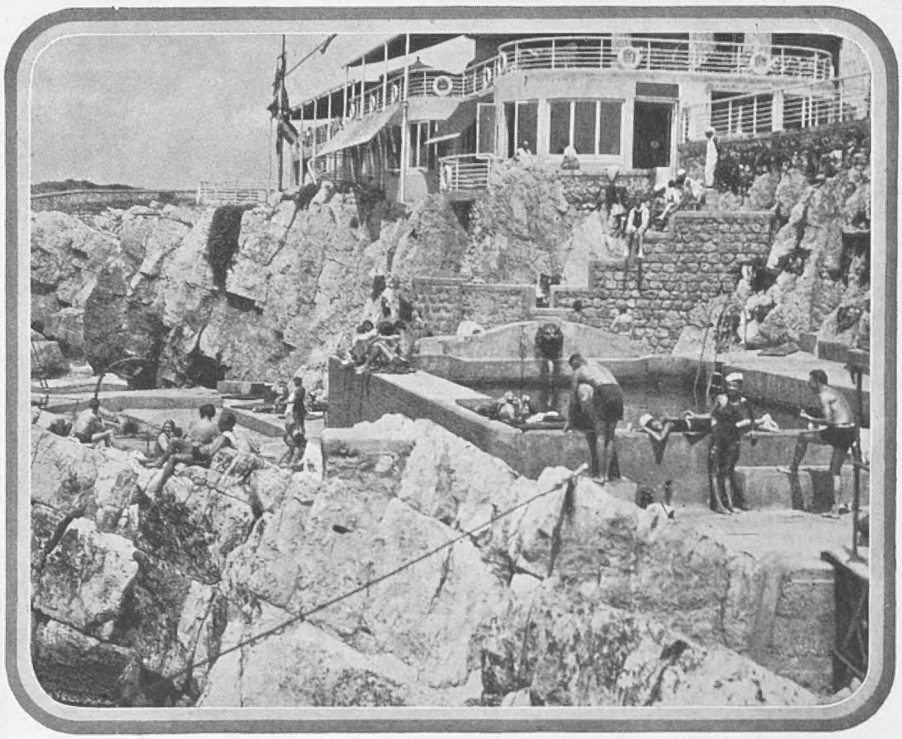
his magnificently dismal profile to the public gaze.

In Soho

FANNY WARD was lunching at the Embassy in a huge black and pink hat and a black and pink dress. Fanny Hurst was being entertained to luncheon by her literary agent at the Isolabella, that Soho restaurant which just before the War was the haunt of the young intellectuals like Gilbert Cannan and Julian Grenfell. Among the women invited to meet her was Edith Sitwell, who, alas, was unable to be present. That was a pity. Miss Hurst is always looking for types—she has been staying very quietly in New Court, Middle Temple—and local colour to work into her famous short stories when she gets back home.

Baccarat Duel

FROM Deauville I hear of a dramatic baccarat duel between Sir Walter de Frece and M. Zographos. Thousands of pounds were involved when the head of the Greek Syndicate gave Sir Walter a ten, a two, and a six, and then drew an eight to his two kings, thus securing égalité. After that Sir Walter cautiously withdrew half his stake—unluckily for him, however, as he proceeded to win the next coup. He was enabled, nevertheless, to leave the table with very considerable winnings shortly afterwards.



Sport and General

IN THE SUNNY SOUTH OF FRANCE

A general view of the delightful bathing pool at Eden Roc, Antibes, where the summer season is now in full swing and bathing goes on all day and most of the night

Topical

Salukis out with their fair escorts on the beach at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight. They are the property of Mrs. Florence Scott, of Freshwater, who owns one of the finest kennels of Salukis in the country

Those Beauties

FOR the past few days at Deauville the stage has been taken by another of those world's beauty competitions. Last year there were two—one American and one Austrian—

RACING HINTS *By "Old Orkney"*

Six more horses to follow each way until they win are:

SUNNY BAR. This gelding had put up a smart performance in defeating Darnley and Mallow Bridge at Carlisle and was strongly fancied for a five furlong race at Bogside. Was well backed, but his connections had to be satisfied with a place. Follow this five-year-old in the North.

MUTUAL BENEFIT was a bad third to Weary Willy over six furlongs at Liverpool. Was a sound order at 5 to 1 and 4 to 1. Was galloping well in the straight. Over a similar distance at Newmarket was fifth of nine to San Marino.

UNLIKELY was in great demand at Hurst Park and started a hot even money programme. Was overhauled on the post by Clove Hitch, admirably ridden by "Steve" Donoghue. Had previously won over a similar distance (five furlongs) at Newbury, and will win again.

RIVALRY was the best backed of four horses to win over seven furlongs at Hurst Park. Don Pat, the winner, set too fast a pace and cantered home. Rivalry was down the field. Her previous performance—second to Sweet Swan at Leicester, over a mile—must be borne in mind when considering her chances in the future.

FOOTMARK was soundly supported to win a mile race at Pontefract. Put in a strong challenge, but failed by a head to overhaul Cloud Nymph. This colt will pay to follow.

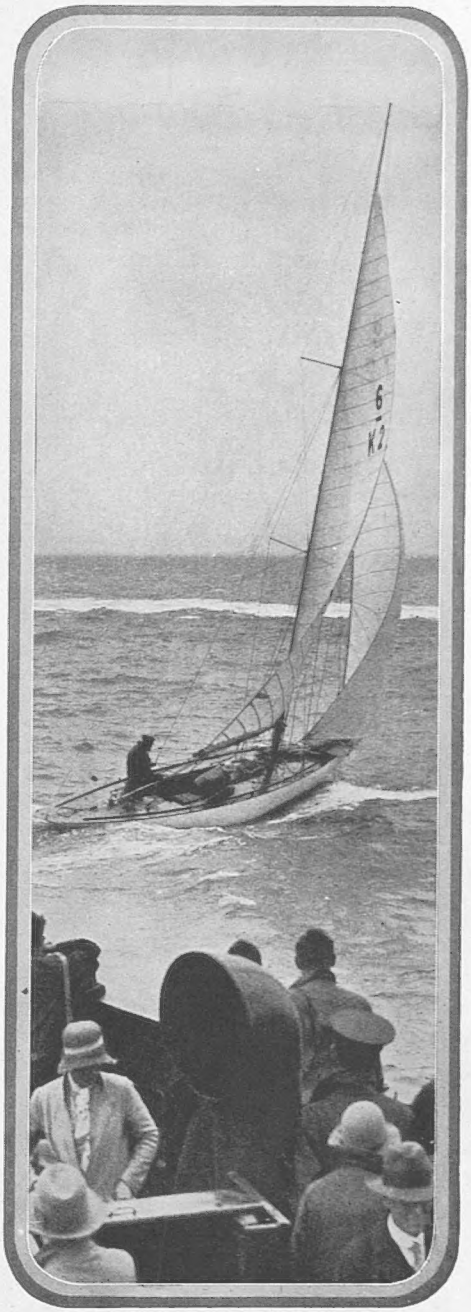
MIRA MONTE was backed from 5 to 2 down to 7 to 4 in a big field at Pontefract and finished third. The distance was six furlongs. Had previously occupied a similar position behind Alone and Benedictus at Bath.

VISITORS TO DEAUVILLE

BATHING TIME BY THE TIDELESS SEA Sport and General

A corner of the crowded beach at Juan-les-Pins. During the summer large numbers of visitors spend nearly all their time in bathing costumes

and both had a very good time. This year there are twenty of them, and, needless to say, are being introduced everywhere by M. André de Fouquières. André de Fouquières is a remarkable man. We have no one like him in this country, though many of our seaside resorts could do with his equivalent. Wherever there is a big gala, there he is—acting as social compère, whether it be at Dinard, Cannes, La Baule, Biarritz, Deauville, or anywhere else.



Central press

A competitor in the six-metre class in the race for International boats running before the wind in the Solent. The photograph was taken from the Portsmouth-Ryde ferry boat

Topical

Topical

VISITORS TO COWES

Major-General J. E. B. Seely, who is a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and Lady Seely

Sir Richard and Lady Williams-Bulkeley leaving the Royal Yacht Squadron, of which Sir Richard is Commodore

At Deauville Now

At Deauville now are Lord and Lady Scarsdale, who have recently sold a number of pictures at Christie's; Princess Faucigny-Lucinge, who is usually seen at the Lido or the Riviera; Mr. Anthony Drexel, the Maharajah of Kapurthala, Princess Minshara (the wife of the Grand Duke Dmitri), Sir Duncan and Lady Orr-Lewis, and a number of our polo

THE NAVAL TATTOO AT PORTSMOUTH

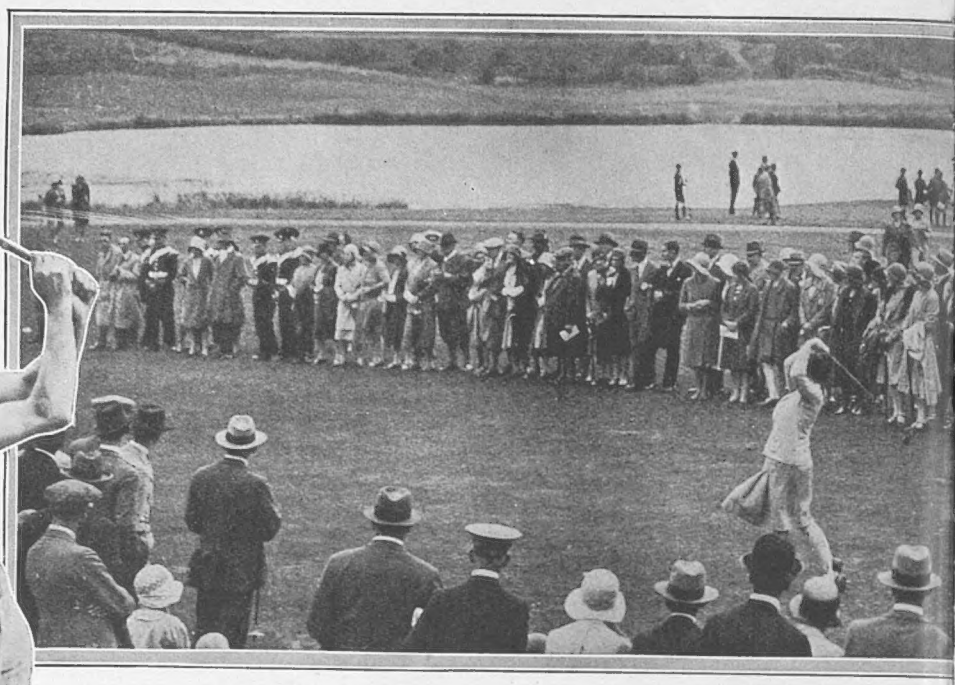
players, who have gone on from Good wood. They are having one of the best seasons for five years, despite the Wall Street smash. Americans are much fewer, of course, but many rich Frenchmen and South Americans help to swell the total.

The First of its Kind

THE first Naval Tattoo was cleverly produced at Portsmouth by officers and men of H.M.S. Excellent and the 2nd Battalion Queen's Royal Regiment, assisted by officers' wives, to mark the passing of the 100th anniversary of the foundation of the first Naval School of Gunnery aboard H.M.S. Excellent, the old wooden ship commanded at Trafalgar by Collingwood. As the proceeds aid naval charities, and there was an excessive demand for seats at each performance, it was a pity an audience of only six thousand could be accommodated.

The Marquess of Cholmondeley driving from the ninth tee at the Sporting Gymkhana held in the park of Leeds Castle

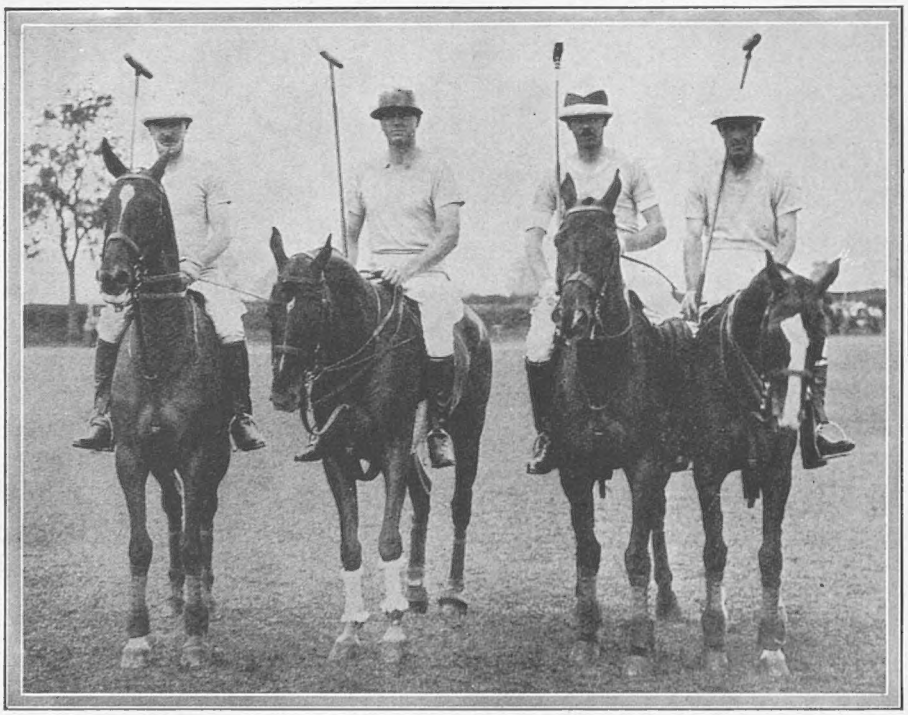
Topical



Many famous golfers and lawn tennis stars took part in the Sporting Gymkhana held recently in the p Playing Fields Association. Miss Molly Gourlay is seen above driving

How the Stage was Set

THE arena, in front of well-arranged stands, was so placed that on the



ENGLAND'S POLO TEAM *Planet News*

The players who have been chosen to represent this country against America at Meadowbrook. They are Capt. R. George (left), Mr. G. Balding, Capt. C. T. I. Roark and Mr. L. Lacey. The reserves are Capt. Tremayne, Mr. A. Roark and Mr. H. P. Guinness

Mr. Cosmo Stafford Crawley and his bride, Miss Rosemary Christie-Miller. The Archbishop of Canterbury officiated at their wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster

POLITICIANS AT PLAY

L.N.A.

Leeds Castle, near Maidstone, in aid of the Kent County ring the mixed foursomes competition

left was seen a reproduction of the Sally Port of old Portsmouth, from the gate of which many famous passengers for ships used to embark. Adjacent to it was an old Portsmouth inn, "The Crown and Anchor," whilst on the opposite side of the arena was seen the quarter-deck and poop of H.M.S. Queen Charlotte. Scenes on board this ship, with an illustration of Lord Howe's famous victory, were followed by scenes showing Drake and his seamen in action in The Golden Hind, while among other turns greatly appreciated were the naval guns in action at Ladysmith. Altogether an exceptional production.

Irene Castle Here

FRANKLY, I did not go to the Scott-Stribling fight. It was so evidently certain to be a fiasco, as much because Scott only trained for a fortnight as because Stribling knew far too much for him. I hear, however, that among the women who were present was a large party, including the incomparable Irene Castle, who has been in London for some days. Her married name is Mrs. McLaughlin, and she is a great fight fan. Her chief friends over here are Major and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, with whom she stayed at Sunningdale.

Happy in Retirement

IRENE CASTLE is one of those rare people—a dancer and actress who is perfectly happy in retirement. Others are Mrs. Joicey (Violet Loraine), and Mrs. Buckmaster (Nellie Taylor). But, then, Mrs. Buckmaster never really liked the stage very much, even when she was at the height of her success. Incidentally, Irene Castle refused any kind of interview with reporters who have called to see her during her present trip.

Busy Lord Lloyd

LORD LLOYD is nowadays completely immersed in his job of being a director of the Sleeping Car Company, and Thomas Cook's, of course, practically run Egypt (with the assistance of the Residency), so his knowledge of that temporarily benighted country is of the greatest use. I saw him going into the Sleeping Car Company offices one day last week. Most of the time, though, he is hard at work wrestling with problems at 30, Portman Square.

About Holidays

ONE problem that will have to be tackled is in connection with the general public's fondness now for taking their foreign holidays by motor car instead of by the de luxe expresses

SOCIALISTS BEING SOCIAL! *Topical*

Sir Oswald Mosley, the coming leader of the Socialist Party, making himself affable at the cocoanut shies at the Birmingham Labour Fête. The fête took place in the Edgbaston Botanical Gardens

Topical

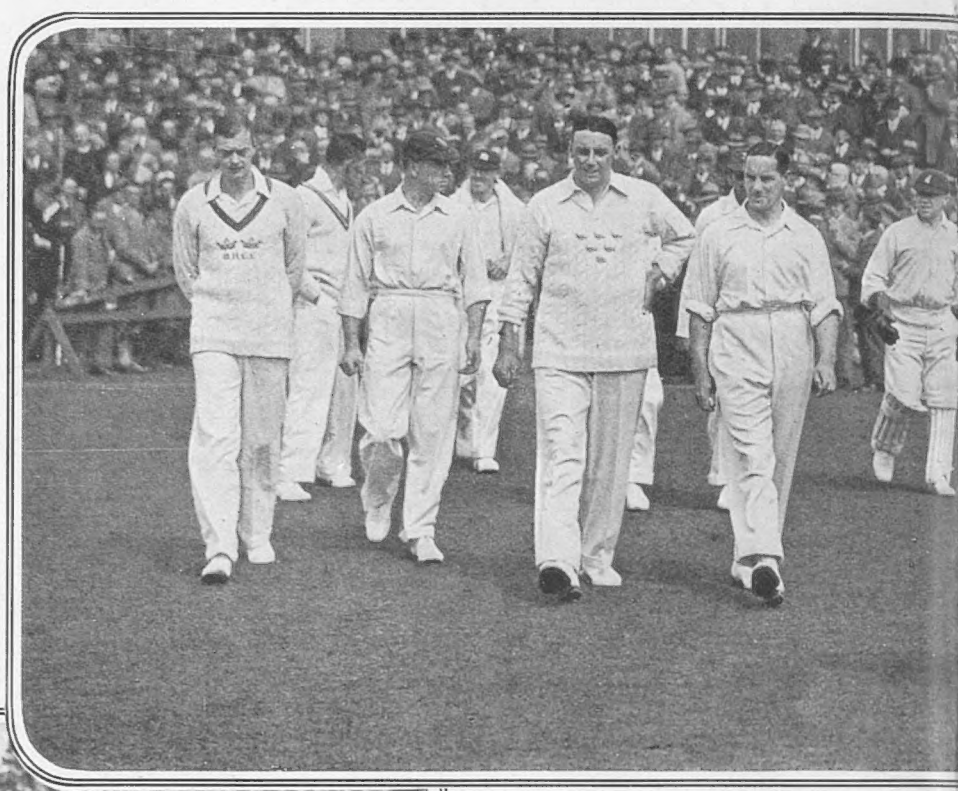
The Prime Minister with the Earl de la Warr at the South of England Labour Fête, held in the grounds of the Earl's residence, Buckhurst Park, Withyham. He is seen at a sideshow run by the Earl's two small sons, Lord Buckhurst and the Hon. Henry Sackville, who are in the foreground

TRAINS AND TIPPING

like the Orient Express, Blue Train, and Côte d'Argent. Even then fewer people are going abroad than before. The "Buy British" movement seems to be spreading to holidays, too. Personally, I might prefer my holidays in England if there was anything to do after 10 p.m. outside London.

That 10 per Cent.

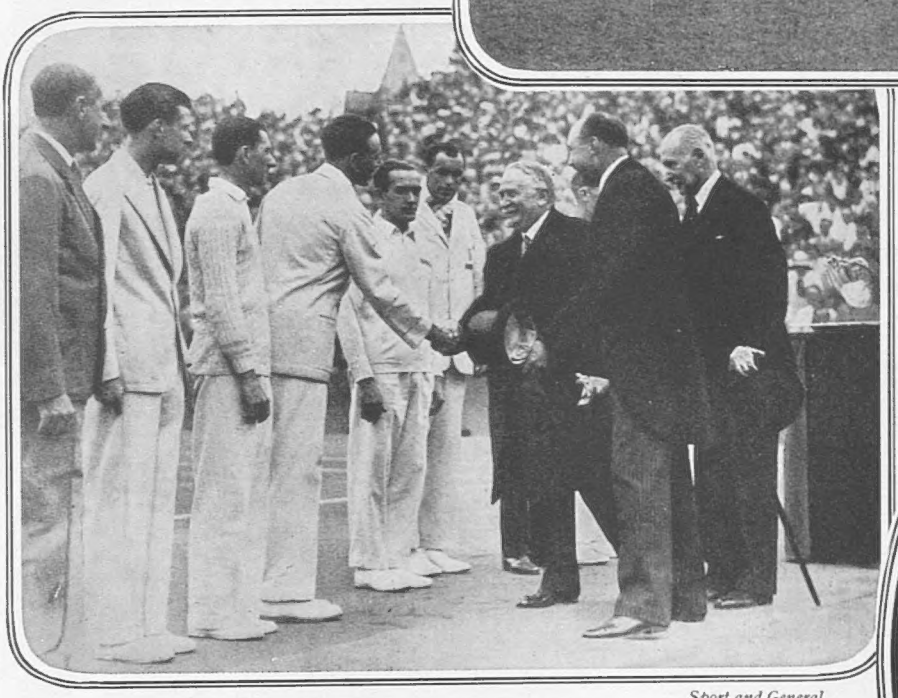
I NOTICE, by the way, that the Sleeping Car Company have now "abolished" all tips, and have added 10 per cent. to the bills in lieu thereof. Perhaps it is too much to be hoped, but it really would be a good thing if all travellers really made up their minds that the 10 per cent. addition really *was* the tip, and have enough courage not to give the usual 10 per cent. tip in addition. As nobody has the bravery, though, to do this at hotels, where the 10 per cent. is added, one supposes that it is too much to hope on railway trains.



Sport and General

THE FOURTH TEST FAILS TO TEST

A. P. F. Chapman leading England out to field at the start of the Fourth Test at Manchester last week. Jupiter Pluvius was, unfortunately, the most consistent performer, and, thanks to his efforts, a draw became inevitable. As a result the final Test, which takes place at the Oval, will be played to a finish in order to decide the rubber and the destination of the Ashes



Sport and General

President Doumergue greeting the French and American teams, who met in the final of the Davis Cup at the Stade Roland Garros at Auteuil. France gained a striking victory over America by four matches to one, and after the match Jean Borotra, with whom the French President is seen shaking hands, was awarded the Legion d'Honneur

What Is It?

WHAT is a super-gala? One has heard of super-men and super-films and super-cinemas, but never of a super-gala. The answer was supplied at Aix-les-Bains on Saturday, when a super-gala was held at the Restaurant des Fleurs, under the auspices of "La Reine de Paris," and the "Princesse d'Elégance d'Aix-les-Bains" was elected. I have had no details, but it must have been very amusing, for they know how to organise such things on the Continent.

Riviera Gambling

AT Juan les Pins the gambling has already been quite high. Three years ago it was small and amusing. Now, Mr. James Hennessy, of brandy fame, and Mr. Jack Coates (as in previous years) have been making the casino quite an exciting place to visit. I hear that quite a number of English people who had virtuously decided to go to Germany to take cures at Baden and Carlsbad and elsewhere, have, after all, made up their minds to take a holiday at

LIEUT.-COMMANDER J. R. STENHOUSE, D.S.O., O.B.E., D.S.C., R.N.R.

Who is organising a trip by liner to the Antarctic. About 200 passengers will be carried on his novel pleasure cruise, which will start about December 10 from Southampton, returning there in early May. Commander Stenhouse has had much experience of the Antarctic and commanded Shackleton's ship Amora and the research ship Discovery

JUAN-LES-PINS AND THE AUTHORS

Photopress

A GARDEN IN MALMESBURY

Lady Hunloke with her trotting gig at her stables at Malmesbury, in Wiltshire. Her husband, Major Sir Philip Hunloke, K.C.V.O., is the skipper of His Majesty's famous yacht, Britannia

Juan-les-Pins, where their bedtime and diet are not dictated.

Their Favourite

WHEN I saw Fannie Hurst the other day—I refer to her visit elsewhere—she told me that she was the only American author in Europe who was not at Juan-les-Pins. At the present minute you can hardly move a foot, I hear, without treading on some favourite of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Certainly, too, this place has captured the imagination of transatlantic short-story writers. Wherever the hero or heroine begins—in the Middle West or New York or

Broughton Press Bureau

Mr. Kenneth Hame and his bride, Miss Dorothy Finck, leaving St. Peter's, Hampstead, after their recent wedding. The bride is the elder daughter of Mr. Herman Finck, who is so well-known in musical and theatrical circles, and of Mrs. Finck

Hollywood—they always seem to make a bee-line for Eden Roc and Juan-les-Pins.

At Brioni

NEXT year, no doubt, they will have discovered Brioni, and the hero and heroine will make their way to this fascinating little place in the Adriatic, where the Austrian-born proprietor, aided by his Italian waiters, looks after the polo and bathing of the English, Americans, Germans, and Egyptians. Major Ralph Peto, who is thinking of writing his reminiscences—and what a sensation they would cause—is one of the many well-known Londoners already there.

At Goodwood

GOODWOOD had not perfect weather, although the attendances must have pleased the Duke of Richmond and Gordon considerably, a large proportion of his income being dependent on the popularity of this end-of-the-season race meeting. Blue, either dark or light, was the most popular hue among the women on Stewards' Cup day. The Duchess of Norfolk, Lady Rachel Howard, Lady

THE GOODWOOD MEETING

Central News

The officers of the airship R100, which started her flight to Canada last week. They are Squadron-Leader E. L. Johnston, the Navigator, Major G. H. Scott, Squad.-Leader R. S. Booth, the Captain, Flying Officer E. Steff, the Second Officer, Mr. M. A. Giblett, and Capt. G. Meager, 1st Officer

Topical

The Hon. E. C. Eliot, the Governor of Dominica, with the Chief of the Blackfoot Indians, on his visit to the Indian village at the Calgary Exhibition. He was taken into the tribe as Chief Bird

A glimpse of a busy street of Toronto one of the Empire's great cities. It is in Toronto that Canada's National Exhibition is being held this year

Holidays in Great Britain

YESTERDAY I was hearing about the holiday plans of some of the people who are not going either to Scotland or the Continent. Thus Lord Powis will be faithful, as usual, to Powis Castle, near Welshpool, Lord and Lady Jellicoe have gone to the Isle of Wight. Lady Marion Cameron has left for Pontresina. Sir Arthur Stanley has gone to Harrogate. Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten expect to remain in Sussex for some days.

A Brilliant Young Man

I SEE that Lord Ava, as he is described under the name in which he sat for his finals at Oxford, has got a second in Modern Greats. There were only nine firsts, and, considering the terrible wear and tear of the two months preceding a fashionable wedding, this is a highly creditable performance. In point of fact, he would have been certain for a first but for this. He is one of the most brilliant young men Oxford has seen since the War.

Cambridge, three of the Cadogan sisters, Lady Ellesmere, Lady Midleton, Lady Mar, Lady Clonmel, Lady Irene Cubitt, all wore various shades of this colour.

Exceptions

PRINCESS MARY was an exception, and wore a double-breasted grey tweed costume. Lady March wore black; Lady Linlithgow wore green; Lady Curzon wore black; and the Duchess of Richmond and Gordon wore a brown and grey mixture tweed. No fewer than four misguided men wore white hats. Evidently it was their first visit to Goodwood, or they would have known better.

A WARNING TO ALL READERS.

Do not fail to read this week's *Bystander* short story, "On the Contrary" which starts on page 283. It is from the pen of that popular novelist and short story writer,

STELLA BENSON,

and is as amusing and witty as anything she has written—which is saying a very great deal!

OVERTURE

DEWAR'S

WONDERFUL

WHISKY-

"White Label"

ALSO THE DE LUXE WHISKY 'VICTORIA VAT'

AT THE PLAY

MAXIMS FOR MANAGERS

By Vernon Woodhouse

Most theatrical managers seem to possess the sheep-like quality of following one another. If a success is made with a certain type of play you can bet your boots that a rival management will try to duplicate this success with one which is something like it.

Some time ago American musical comedies received a big measure of popular support. What was the result? The population of the United States was increased for a time by the numerous English managers or their agents scouring that country on the look-out for other Yankee musical comedies, and many which were brought over had been secured regardless of expense or any merit which they might possess. They were American, and that was sufficient. Quite a number proved sufficiently silly to draw but the scantiest of audiences.

This year there has been a new fashion. A whiff of a heat wave came along, and managers, in despair, gave up the job of producing new plays. Instead of displaying the name of the attraction on view on the boards outside, the ominous blue paper was pasted up on theatre after theatre to indicate

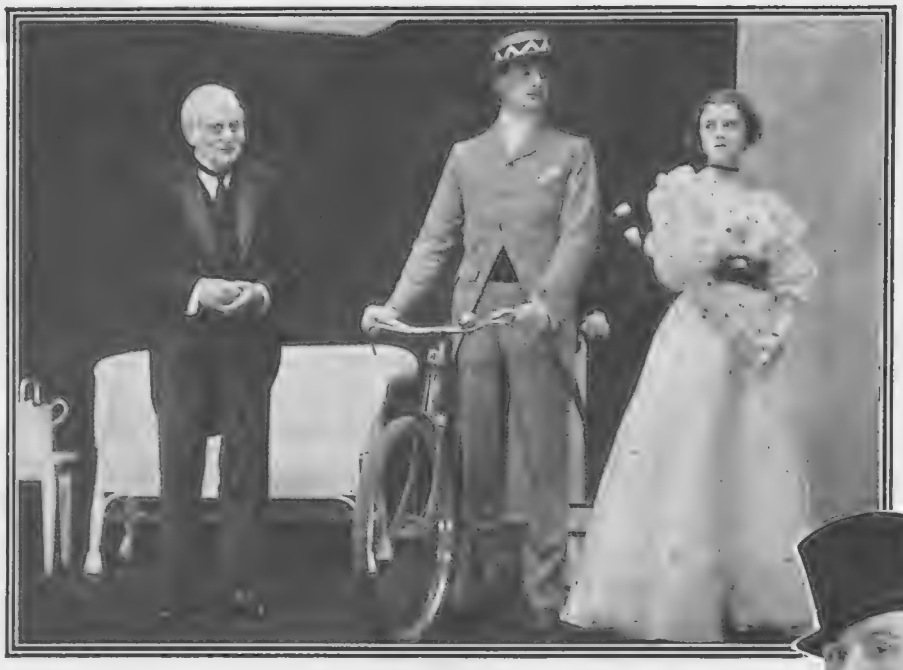
Photographs *Stage Photo Co.*

"TRAFFIC," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

Above is a thrilling scene from Dr. Noel Scott's melodrama, where Lily (Marjorie Playfair), about to be exported to the Argentine as a white slave, is being roughly treated by Bob (Lionel d'Arragon), while Andrew Gardani (Tony de Lungo), a despicable Dago, looks on appreciatively. On the left are Elizabeth Linley (Mary Glynne) and Anthony Yorke (Dennis Neilson Terry), hero and heroine suspected of being villain and villainess

"THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM," AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE

The capture of Gibbet, the highwayman, and his accomplice, in the bedroom of Mrs. Sullen (Edith Evans), on the right of the bed, by Francis Archer (Godfrey Tearle), next to her. Thomas Aimwell (Eric Portman) is on the extreme left and Scrub (Miles Malleson) on the far right. The part of Archer has just been taken over by Brian Aherne, who has made a big success in this character



"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH

Played in costume which, in certain instances, exaggerates the fashions of the past, the above picture shows Scott Russell as the butler, Merriman, Anthony Ireland as Algeron Moncrieff, and Heather Angel as Cecily Cardew. It will be observed that Algeron disdains trouser clips

that there was nothing doing there. A fit of the blues, truly.

THE heat wave was of but short duration, as is so often the case in an English summer, but over twenty-five per cent. of the London theatres have remained closed, and this despite the fact that at this time of year there is a large provincial audience in London waiting to be entertained.

THIS managerial funk strikes me as being extremely foolish, for many of the theatres which have kept open have done good business. Given a good play there is no reason in the world why some of these empty theatres could not have shared in the spoils.

ANOTHER reason why it is so foolish for managers to wait until later in the year to produce new plays is that they lose so much from the point of view of publicity. Despite the unconcealed dislike for the Press shown by a certain famous actor-manager, newspapers can do a good deal to help business. During this season of the year not too much is going on, and any new production is sure to have considerable space allotted to it.

BUT, if all these new plays which are scheduled for production come on in a bunch when news space is more valuable to the papers, new productions will not get the publicity which they otherwise would. Dramatic critics who have been eating their heads off in idleness are only given a certain amount of space, and if six plays are produced in one week they cannot be noticed as fully as if they were the only pebble on the beach to be picked up in six days.

THIS summer calm will assuredly be followed by an absolute flood of new productions, and managers will be fighting like cat and dog for dates. There will be inevitable clashing with two shows down for production on the same evening, and neither will receive at the hands of the Press the space which, even if not deserved, they would secure, had the première been fixed for a time when there were fewer productions.

WE have heard a great deal of late of the necessity for co-operation in industry and the regulation of output. The theatre is also an industry, and regularity of output would be no bad idea for a start! But I doubt whether you will ever get much done in a business where the Green-eyed Goddess possesses so much influence.

IN a talk I had with a theatrical manager the other day, and one whose judgment can be relied upon, he was as optimistic about the future of the theatre as Mr. C. B. Cochran himself, but he added the proviso that the days of what may be described as haphazard management are over. A theatre must no longer be an emporium for selling goods, but must achieve a reputation for selling a particular form of goods.

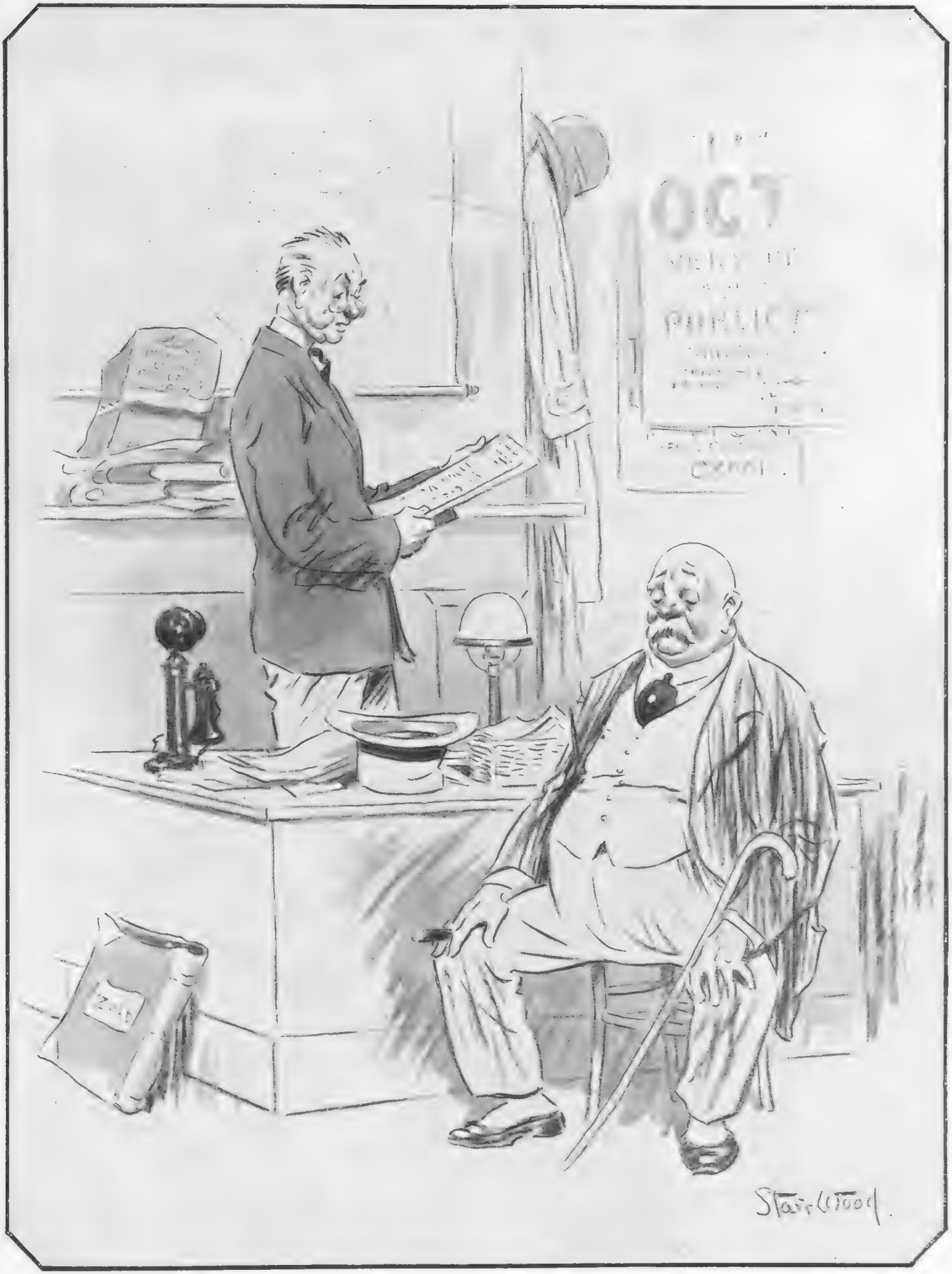
THIS manager was convinced that successes in the past were due to continuity of policy. Tree at the Haymarket and His Majesty's, Alexander at the St. James's, Wyndham at the Criterion, just like Irving at the old Lyceum, stuck to their theatres and attracted a faithful clientèle. There is nothing to stop a star nowadays being associated with a particular theatre with increased benefit to both, and the particular "line" of that star directs the play-producing policy of the house. It has been the constant chops and changes in managements, casts, and type of show at various theatres which have, to a certain extent, bewildered the public.

ANOTHER thing which the theatrical manager must learn is that it is no use trying to cater for a public which has ceased to exist, and, strange as it may appear, a certain class of playgoer seems to have vanished from London. It is comparatively easy work selling stalls from half a guinea to fifteen shillings. There is a demand for the cheaper seats priced at five shillings and downwards; but for what I may call the seven and sixpennies there is no demand at all; and the dress-circle, which was once one of the most paying parts of the theatre, now possesses no attraction for the public. This may be snobbery, but whatever the reason it has to be faced.

HAD I authority to run a theatre I should recognise this undoubted fact, and no matter what form of policy as regards plays I adopted I should charge only five shillings for most of the seats in the dress circle and "boost" this cheap charge extensively. Better a full dress circle at five shillings than "deadheads" who pay nothing. Changes in prices are all to the good and changes in policy all to the bad!

Photographs *Pollard Crowther*

John Gielgud as John Worthing in "The Importance of Being Earnest," in deep mourning for his friend, Bunberry, a mythical person under whose guise Worthing carried on love affairs



By STARR WOOD

"I've a nice flat on my books at £95—no cats, dogs, pianos, gramophones, loud speakers or children allowed"
"Would it matter if one of my boots squeaked a bit?"

Gossip

WE are told at this time of year London is empty. On the contrary, it is full—because numbers of persons from the provinces choose this season, and, from their point of view, quite rightly, to see the sights of London. After taking the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, the Tower of London, the changing of the Guards, the British Museum, and the vast empty spaces of the South Kensington museums in their stride, they usually find no grave difficulty in getting seats at the theatres. I fancy not many provincials are quite such hero worshippers as the suburban damsels, who will cheerfully sit outside the theatre all night in order to get into the gallery for the first performance the next evening. At the same time, London is becoming empty of the people one is accustomed to see, of the social throng, of the va et vient of the social world, whose names are more or less public property.

MANY of these will be fluttering off to Cowes or Deauville, or Le Touquet, where they can indulge in another form of flutter. This reminds me that the Silly Season is beginning, and that possibly excuses the young men of the popular daily Press, who have suddenly discovered that the average visitor who comes to Monte Carlo or Deauville or Le Touquet or Dieppe or Pourville is most likely going to lose money when he gambles against the bank. One of them has made the amazing discovery that eventually the bank, by its 5 per cent. cagnotte, gradually gets the punters to the position of being all cleared out, but most of us have known, long before this young man knew what "chips" meant, that the odds are a gamble at the tables. Punting means losing money, yet, with their eyes fully open, 99 per cent. cheerfully lose for the excitement and thrill of the game.

THE NEW OWNERS OF THE OCEAN—A

Coney Island, the seaboard playground of New York, is like Southend, Blackpool during the During the summer heat, the East Side of New York flocks here in its hundreds of thousands fun fair and

L.N.A.

"WAKERS"

W. W. Wakefield, the greatest personality in English Rugger since the War, is retiring from active participation in the game, although he intends to turn his hand to refereeing. In his time he has captained Sedbergh, the Royal Air Force, Cambridge University, the Harlequins, and England, and holds thirty-one English caps—a record for a player in this country

ONLY the other day I was foolish enough, I suppose, to drop many hundreds of francs at that silly game called La Boule. I knew quite well—as everyone else knows—that the odds are largely in favour of the bank, but, nevertheless, at one time I was several mille up, and if I had gone to bed the bank would have been the poorer. I did not go to bed, but, all said and done, I had a run for my money, and do not regret it.

TO get up a lot of false sentiment for young men and young women who go and gamble in foreign casinos because they cannot afford it is almost as stupid as the outcry some time ago that the public schoolboy who erred

We Must.

A MILLION YANKEES ON CONEY ISLAND P. and A.

Wakes, and Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday, all rolled into one seething, noisy, clamorous whole. to bathe, loll on the sands, eat peanuts and ices and partake of the amusements offered by the gigantic dancing halls

By Stan Terry

Specialist: "And, finally, you must have plenty of sleep and fresh air. Take a course of Lancashire county cricket matches!"

ought not to be caned. If the young men and young women cannot afford to gamble they should keep away from the tables, and really from time immemorial a considerable number of fools, both men and women, have been known who have ruined themselves because they gambled without being able to afford it. It seems to me that such young people ought not to be allowed to be at large by their papas and mamas.

S

Casinos or no casinos, the lamentable fact remains, as I said lately, that nearly everyone who can afford to go on the Continent for their holiday will go. The Casino is merely an incident. The true reason is that there is freedom on the Continent in regard to one's social habits that is denied in England, and even more so in Scotland. Not often does Scotland throw away the chance to rake in the bawbees, but the Scottish attitude towards licensing, with a little touch of the rancorous intolerance which is always characteristic in their history, must in these modern days have cost them millions of pounds through the loss of visitors who would otherwise patronise their lovely country.

S

I was in Scotland last summer, and it is needless for me to remark what a country of the dead its glorious mountains and fells become on the Sabbath. Much the same sort

Janet Stevens

CONSTANCE CARPENTER

One of the clever young people who is making her name in the world of the theatre. She will be seen in Charlot's 1930 Revue, which is to be produced at the New Cambridge Theatre shortly

Janet Jevons

JOAN BARRY

The young actress who will shortly be seen in a series of repertory. She is among the company who will appear in several short plays which will be produced at the Malvern Festival, which starts on Wednesday, August 20

of attitude is discovered in them from the hour approaching 10 p.m.

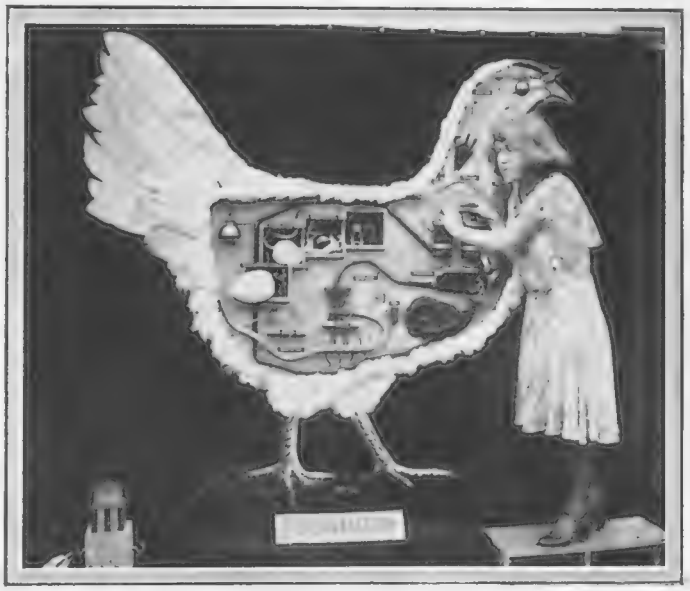
By A. R. Cane

THE CAR FIEND: "By Jove! Lucky it's a four-seater!"

THE average Scotsman appears to regard it as being somewhat indecent to be about after that hour, and if he is in a city the odds are he is noisy and inclined to huskiness, and recalls that distilleries are the mainstay of Scottish finance. No, short of a grouse moor or salmon stream, most of the people who can go away where they like choose the Continent to escape the intolerant interference with personal liberty that is found in all provincial resorts in the British Isles. All are impossible, but some are worse than others!

OTHERS who have left London, but will not spend much money while away, are certain lawn tennis players of "gate-getting" calibre. These pampered darlings are much sought after by tournament committees, who rely on their drawing power to make expenses meet. And they know their value! Often a car to fetch them and a car to take them away from the field of action; the best of everything provided, free gratis and for nothing, by some local big-wig with a large and comfortable house; a referee who dare not scratch them if they do not arrive in time; in fact, a week's holiday "done regardless" and all for thirty shillings or thereabouts, being the entrance fees to the tournament, which sometimes they appear reluctant to pay!

THIS is no exaggeration. I can vouch for the fact that a well-known woman lawn tennis star who was being thus entertained told the butler to pay for her taxi on her arrival, for in this case she *had* to come by train, and she left without tipping one of the servants in the house. In fact, all she did leave was a week's washing, which she asked to be forwarded to the next tournament at which she was appearing!



THE ROBOT HEN *Planet News*

A striking exhibit which was on view at the World's Poultry Congress at the Crystal Palace lately. It demonstrates exactly how an egg is formed and laid, but—unfortunately—it does not show us how to persuade a hen to oblige in this respect!

WHEN on the high seas there is one man aboard the ship who is even more powerful than the captain, and he is the ship's doctor. This form of practice being entirely without prospects, some of the medicos leave something to be desired, but I should think that the experience of

TO EROS

"My principle is that the licensing laws should be regulated to public convenience. I think the law which tries to stop people from drinking champagne at two o'clock in the morning if they wish to do so goes far away from public conscience and is absurd."—*Lord Hugh Cecil before the Licensing Commission.*

"Experts are determining the exact spot in Piccadilly Circus on which the Eros statue shall be placed on its return."—*Daily Paper.*

IN good old days when life was free,
The exile in the burning Tropics
Would conjure happy thoughts of thee,
For you were then the best of topics
Awaking visions of the fun
He'd have when back in Piccadilly,
Of "bubbly," oysters, "halls" and hansoms,
And lovely ladies worth kings' ransoms—
But now, alas, such thoughts seem silly.

The care-free nights you used to know,
When proudly perched above the Circus,
When Curfew never made things slow
And Grundys were not here to irk us,
Have all been roughly swept away.
The public conscience now is flouted,
You are but anachronism.
Now Britain's doomed to prune and prism
And Gods of Love are sternly routed.

Be firm, dear Eros, and refuse
To grace a home that's yours no longer.
The Law for you has no more use
(Our love is strong, but prudes are stronger).
To some museum now retire
Before your heart grows even sorer,
And let Officialdom erect a
Monument that's most correct—a
Tribute to your rival, DORA. *B. W.*

C. E. Brown

VERA SHERBURN

Who made a name for herself in the revue, "The House that Jack Built," which enjoyed a long run in the West End, on holiday at her home, Sandbanks, in Dorset. She will be in the cast of Jack Hulbert's new show, "Follow a Star," in which Sophie Tucker will play lead. It opens in Manchester on August 2, and will later be seen at the Winter Garden Theatre

Raphael

MARIE SETON

Who plays Coquette in the revival of "Prunella," which opens at the Everyman Theatre, Hampstead, to-day, July 30. Granville Barker has added a new act to his delightful phantasy, and this will be seen for the first time to-night

a woman friend on a voyage home which was told me recently must be unique.

S

THE doctor on this ship, for some reason best known to himself, took a dislike to his patient. Incidentally, he frightened her badly by saying she was going to die! Although there was nothing much the matter with her, he insisted on her being put ashore at the next port, and put ashore she was, where she had to kick her heels about doing nothing until the next boat arrived in a fortnight's time! An appeal to the captain proved fruitless, for the doctor said he would throw in his hand unless his instructions were carried out! A big ship cannot sail without a doctor aboard, and there was no possibility of getting another!

S

SIR WILLIAM ORPEN has been singing the praises of the beauty of unknowns you see in tubes and buses, but I doubt—though there may be no reigning Society beauty at the moment—if any unknown could equal a little-photographed beauty of a past age. This was Georgina Lady Dudley, who combined perfect features and an equally perfect figure with great dignity of bearing. To suggest that only the working classes are beautiful is—if the expression may be forgiven—poppycock. It is no snobbery, but plain, solid fact that in beauty blood will tell.

FILM NOTES

FANTASY AND REALISM

By Lionel Collier

A voyage to the moon, is the theme of the new Gaumont-Ufa silent picture "The Girl in the Moon," now at the New Gallery. A canary is taken in the rocket ship. Willy Fritsch and Gerda Maurus star in this delightful and fantastic film directed by Fritz Lang

WHATEVER Fritz Lang produces is of interest, at any rate, from a technical viewpoint, and in addition he has given to the screen two of its greatest masterpieces, "The Nibelungs" and "Kriemhilda's Revenge." These two were artistic triumphs. I met an R.A. only recently to whom I showed some of the stills from them, and he expressed astonishment that the camera could so manifestly be an art in itself.

But Lang does not only produce masterpieces, he also appeals to the popular public. "The Spy," for instance, was an excellent example of melodrama in which his fine technical qualities backed up a story of the most incredible nature.

IN his latest, "The Girl in the Moon," which is, as I write, appearing at the New Gallery, he has again appealed to the popular imagination. It is a mixture in story of Jules Verne and H. G. Wells, not as good as anything either has written, but pictured as I imagine either of those authors would have liked to see their own work visualised.

The story, which concerns a rocket flight to the moon, with the addition of a love interest, is the work of Thea von Harbou, the producer's wife. She, too, it will be remembered, was responsible for "Metropolis," another technical achievement by her husband.

An amorous incident in "Raffles," United Artists' new film at the Tivoli. Ronald Colman plays the title role, that of the famous cracksman of E. W. Hornung's story, and the cast includes Kay Francis, Frances Dade, Bramwell Fletcher, and David Torrence

It must be confessed that the story is rather futile, and also too slowly developed, but the technical details are so perfect that one is almost convinced in the rocket and its arrival at the moon. These sequences are quite thrilling, especially for anyone who, like myself, has a particular regard for fantastic imaginings.

LIKE Jules Verne, Thea von Harbou has introduced a child in her story, a lad who stows himself away in the rocket before its departure. She has not been so happy in her by-play between the grown-up members of the party. We have an old professor whose theory is that there is gold in the moon, an American business man who has forced the scientist to work in with him, a man who is responsible for building the apparatus, his friend and the girl to whom he is engaged, and with her the engineer is also in love.

The problem raised on arrival on the moon is who is to be left behind, because the American, apparently in a fit of madness, has shot through one of the oxygen tanks. The professor falls down a crevasse and is killed, someone shoots the American, but still one more member of the crew will have to stop.

THIS is solved by the engineer drugging his friend and his fiancée, and getting the boy to start the rocket machinery. We see him after the departure of the apparatus left alone on the moon. Then he turns round and sees the girl who loves him more than her fiancé.

All very artificial, but lost to some extent because one is so interested in the excellence of the production qualities with their amazing attention to detail. Also interesting because the acting of at least three of the cast is excellent. Willy Fritsch plays very naturally as the engineer. Gerda Maurus, as well as being strikingly beautiful, adds much to the rather lifeless character of the girl; while the professor is admirably characterised by Klaus Pohl. Fritz Rasp as the American, and Gustav von Wangenheim as the friend I found too artificial.

SETTINGS and camera work are remarkable. It is, in fact, one of those pictures that show us that while we have gained a voice for the screen we have—at present—lost a good deal in production values.

Lola (Marlene Dietrich), the beautiful dance-hall girl, sings her saucy songs every night in "The Blue Angel." A scene in the Ufa Picture, directed by Josef Sternberg, now at the Regal

OUT of these realms of adventurous fantasy one must turn to real adventure as depicted in "With Byrd at the South Pole," which is now on at the Carlton. And thrilling adventure it is. Vividly it depicts the departure of the "City of New York" to the Polar regions, her arrival, and Commander Byrd's arrangements for his enforced stay while he attempted the flight over the Pole, which proved so successful.

It is a vast canvas that is presented, and one which thrills the imagination more than a hundred fictional adventures.

It is interesting to notice the differences, however, between this picture and the Scott film, which still, to my mind, holds the palm for sheer vividness.

It is not because I am an Englishman that I feel this preference. Indeed, in the opening Commander Byrd paid a fine, generous tribute to Scott and Amundsen, who, he said, made his attempt possible.

NO, the reason I prefer the Scott picture is because it had no taint of the studio, it was all so actively natural and without the remotest tinge of play-acting. In the Byrd film one feels that some scenes are being re-enacted; that Commander Byrd himself has at times been "directed." The heroics, too, are more flamboyant and there is a more definite attempt at hero-worship. I feel that the "box-office" angle has been aimed at—not certainly by Commander Byrd, but by those responsible for launching the picture to the public.

This is not a slight on a very gallant gentleman's achievement, nor is it a slight on the picture itself, but merely criticism which must spring to the mind between two films of a similar nature.

Some brilliant camera work has been achieved. Shots of whales, penguins, and the Arctic scenery are full of beauty and form a continual feast for the eye.

ANOTHER contrast afforded to the Scott Expedition is the multiplicity of apparatus at the command of the American compared with the simple means at the command of Scott. Wireless, searchlights, aeroplanes, etc., all contributes to this contrast. While I admired the efficiency of all this I felt more thrilled by the less elaborate arrangements provided for Scott.

Whatever thoughts like these that may arise I do feel that the Byrd Expedition is a very amazing picture, and one which is very well worth seeing. It is a record of what will be an historic event in the annals of Polar exploration.

L. C.

Emil Jannings, the unsophisticated old Professor, visits "The Blue Angel" in pursuit of his truant pupils, and he meets Lola, who fascinates and eventually marries him. This picture is Emil Jannings' first talkie

"What a Widow" is the title of the film, and Gloria Swanson is the widow. Here she is seen wearing a most intriguing black silk velvet tea gown with very large sleeves, flaring at the waistline and bordered with white velvet gardenias

BOXING IN A NIGHT CLUB

A match in progress at the Bat Club in Albemarle Street. On the right in the background are Captain Gordon and Captain Irwin, the proprietors. This club is the only one of its kind in London whose members may dine and then watch spirited boxing in comfort, over the coffee, liqueurs and cigars—and sawdust

DOMESTIC DIFFERENCES

By J. B. M. Clark

"I DON'T know how it is," complained Lettice as I passed back my cup for more sugar, "that your requirements vary so. One time you say I make your tea too sweet, the next time you are asking for more sugar."

"It isn't the requirements that vary, it's the quantity," I replied judicially. "One's taste nodules have the rare virtue of constancy."

"I expect they become taste noodles at times," said Lettice. She loses control rather easily.

"It may be so," I assented politely, "but, alternatively, the cup may have assumed absorptive qualities."

"Oh the water closed its pores," said Lettice. After all, there is something essentially feeble about feminine sarcasm. It seems to be one of the things the sex can't do.

The atmosphere was unfriendly for some time after that. I usually make peace at such junctures by giving way, which possibly accounts for the lack of discipline in our establishment. This time I decided to assert myself for the general good of society.

"DON'T be discouraged if your faculty of judging quantity is poorly developed," I said. "It's quite a common failing with the sex. Not even eminent people are exempt."

"I should worry about eminent people," snapped Lettice. "You got your one and a half spoonsful as usual."

"Spoonfuls," I corrected.

"Both are permissible," said Lettice with that fine academic superiority characteristic of scholastic people in the heat of argument. "But it doesn't matter, anyway. It's much more likely to be your taste that's wrong."

"It may have been vitiated by the quality of the cake," I suggested blandly.

"I won't make any more then," was the reply.

This, as I pointed out, was simply temper, but the suggestion was not well received. When a woman gets the bit between her teeth she is apt to bite off more than she can chew—if I make myself clear. No doubt married men will get my point.

"THE discussion," I remarked after a suitable interval, "from being fairly amicable, has degenerated into a wrangle. As I have stated on previous occasions I decline to wrangle. Decent people don't do it. They may argue or debate—but don't wrangle."

"You must have read that somewhere," rejoined Lettice. "Otherwise you wouldn't know about the doings of decent people."

"The subject," I continued equably, "has descended to the level of the limerick:

'When a woman's determined to wrangle,
Though the issue be clear she will tangle—
And her husband's a fool
If he doesn't keep cool,
For the choicest of logic she'll mangle.'"

"I like that touch about the husband," said Lettice, taking some sugar on her teaspoon and tasting it. "There's something so appropriate about it. But was your tea all right after I put more sugar in it?"

"Yes," I said, scenting surrender and determined to display magnanimity. "Quite all right."

"I'm glad to know it," said the lady cheerfully. "For I have evidently put ground rice in the sugar bowl by mistake. Of course, if you still insist that it's a question of quantity we could try another spoonful."

After that all a gentleman could do was drop the subject.

A BALLAD OF THE BEACH

I SAID "At Wacton-Super-Mare
With August crowds no longer there,
We'll wander free,
(Just you and me)
Or sit in quiet by the sea.
No noisy band
Of hawkers bland
Will tout their wares upon the sand
Nor seaside pest
With playful zest
Will aim small boulders at my chest."

We went to Wacton-Super-Mare,
There wasn't anybody there;
The beach was free
For you and me,
But Oh! in quiet by the sea
We lay on tins
That scraped our shins,
We weltered in banana skins;
We bathed in rags,
And ends of fags,
And sat submerged in paper bags.
Next year the crowd may do its worst;
We'll go in May—and leave ours first!

B. L.

BY [illegible] WILSON

THE EARLY BIRD AND THE WORM

"THE ENGLISH TAKE THE

BY GOODERHAM

THEIR PLEASURES SADLY"

The "Mermaid"
Rye

Amidst the "Inns" and outs of life **Player's Please**

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

ON THE CONTRARY

BY STELLA BENSON

Illustrated by
VAN ABBEY

"'Run for it, Lumley,' he shrieked—and ran"

LEONARD LUMLEY had some very good ideas for keeping cool in the Red Sea. "Wear *wool* next the skin," he said, "and drink nothing but very hot tea. . . ." He had many such ideas, but no one could be absolutely certain that he practised what he preached. Hot tea was not served, for instance, in the bar, where Leonard spent a good deal of his time, and it seemed that he had lost his only collar-stud, so that his shirt-collar flapped open in defiance of his dictum that Closed Collars were Coolest. However, the very contrariness of his views was impressive, and Leonard himself was a very impressive, though rather stout, young man. Several people trusted him so much that they went about for a day or two in thick Jaegers, looking like kettles boiling over. Miss Dancey admired him so much that she must have lost several ounces in weight between Suez and Perim.

Leonard, instinctively aware that all that he could say was safe in Miss Dancey's ear, sat very often on the foot of her deck-chair—indeed, partly *on* her feet, since he was of spreading figure—but spiritually, as he knew, their positions were reversed; *his* were the feet that were sat at. He believed that every man should have a profession, he would tell her—but not before he is forty. A man should afford himself leisure while he is young, and work when he is old.

"Oh—*oh*, what an eggstrawdinarily interesting idea," said Miss Dancey.

Leisure is only useful to the young, according to Leonard Lumley; after forty a man should begin to work, having nothing better to do, and should work harder and harder until the age of ninety or so, when death, the supremely full-time job, should interrupt him at his desk or in the pulpit, or on his charger riding into battle, or at his stethoscope, or what not. For, though Mr. Lumley was just over thirty-five and would soon come to the end of his period of leisure, he had not yet decided on the occupation that would most fruitfully employ his declining years.

"Oh—*oh*—a *doctor*," suggested Miss Dancey. "Doctors are *magnificent*, I think—perfect *saints* . . ."

"On the contrary," said Leonard, to whose lips this phrase rose almost automatically. "The doctor's profession is the least noble of any. A stockbroker is more saintly than a doctor."

"Oh—*oh*—not *really*—do, *do* tell me why. . . ."

"Well, it's to a doctor's interest, you must remember, to live in a sickly world, and also—er—well, if you knew as much about doctors and stockbrokers as I do. . . ."

"Oh—*oh*—" breathed Miss Dancey. "Then *why* not be a *stockbroker?* Then you'd be both *rich* and *saintly*. . . ."

"On the contrary," replied Leonard. "Stockbrokers never make money. Not a penny. They always die in the workhouse."

"Oh—*oh*—how eggstrawdinary that is. . . . Can you *explain* it to me?"

"Well, you can take it from me," said Leonard. And she did.

STOCKBROKERS and doctors being thus thrust beyond the pale, she tried soldiers, clergymen, barristers . . . imagining herself the wife of each in turn. But all, it seemed, were not only unsuitable but impossible; soldiers were slaves; clergymen's inhibitions invariably landed them

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in lunatic asylums; barristers finished up in gaol.

"*Sailors*, then," whispered Miss Dancey, a trifle discouraged. "Such *breezy, healthy darlings*, sailors. . . ."

"On the contrary," said Leonard. "I can always see in a sailor's eye that introspective, scarcely sane look that tells of a life spent within unnaturally narrow limits. Show me a sailor, and I'll show you a potential homicidal hysteric."

"Oh, Lord!" said a voice near them.

Leonard looked round, annoyed, to see who this might be that so impertinently appealed from his authority to a Higher Power. He saw Mr. Hospice, ss. Meritoria's third officer, pausing in a walk round the deck with some unknown fellow-homicidal hysteric of minor rank.

"Oh—*oh*—Mr. Hospice," said Miss Dancey. "I'm learning *such a lot* of new things." (There had been a difference of opinion among the passengers as to whether Miss Dancey ever intended sarcasm. Fortunately for her popularity, however, it was finally proved that she never did.)

"Thplendid," said Mr. Hospice. "Thorry I interrupted. I couldn't help overhearing Mither Lumley's latht remark, and it thurprithed me rather. Thorry." And he and his friend strode away down the deck.

Mr. Lumley, who wholeheartedly despised the thin, undersized third officer, was beginning to tell Miss Dancey how perfect an example was this Hospice of all the Lumley theories—when—something happened.

Really, for the first two or three minutes the passengers could hardly tell what had happened. It was like an earthquake reversed—a sort of lurch from regular movement into stillness. It had the same deeply disturbing effect on the nerves as has an earthquake—gave feet that had learned to trust their foothold a sense of betrayal. The ship, after a futile churning of propellers, was motionless, but listed very slightly. Passengers asked Leonard what had happened.

THE moonlight, which had long been exhibiting a silver panorama of sea to no audience, now attracted general attention. Everybody crowded to the rail, trying, with anxious gimlet eyes, to bore through the curiously substantial silvered air. Everyone expected to see—what? A rock? A whale? Some unthinkable menace? Something, at any rate, to write to one's horrified family about from Colombo. Perhaps, even, something that would get into the papers and enable them all to be called Survivors. But there was nothing to be seen except calm sea and, a mile or so away—by the very keen-sighted—very low, unobtrusive land.

"*Don't* look over the rail," rang Leonard's commanding voice. "In danger the best thing is *not* to know the worst. Now I propose we all sit down on the deck and play some silly game like Old Maid or something. Better than singing 'Nearer My God To Thee,' what?"

"Oh—*oh*—" quavered Miss Dancey. "Then there really *is* danger?"

"Who's got playing-cards on the spot?" asked Leonard. "Hi, don't go mooning over the rail there, I tell you. Turn your eyes inboard, everybody, and remember you're English."

"Oh—*oh*—is there anything very *terrible* to be seen over the rail?" asked Miss Dancey hoarsely.

"Cards—cards—cards," called Leonard gaily.

"Yipp-i-yaddy," echoed Mr. Hospice, appearing from the direction of the bridge. "We're aground."

"Don't make such a fuss, man," said Leonard sharply. "You—an officer—ought to know better than to frighten the ladies like that. But we're not going to be frightened, are we?" he added, looking lovingly at his flock—of which Miss Dancey was the bell-wether—"not a bit frightened. We're going to play Old Maid sitting on the deck. What a lark!"

"Oh, for the Lord'th thake, don't be tho damn *brave*," said Mr. Hospice in a low voice. He added more loudly:

"A lean black hand darted forward and removed his pince-nez from his nose"

"We're aground—on thand—till high tide to-morrow morning. No danger whatever."

ONLY a dread of being ridiculous restrained Leonard from strangling Mr. Hospice on the spot. For, unfortunately for the landsman, words spoken from above the brassy buttons of a uniform had a completely soothing effect on the listeners. Nobody even dreamed of playing Old Maid. Everybody went back to interrupted bridge and poker. Everybody in due course went to bed and to sleep—though every one kept, as it were, one ear awake for the sound of a change in the ship's condition.

There was no change. Promenaders before breakfast saw still the same sluggish sea, the same sullen low land. Even the jelly-fish looked as if they had been there for generations. Leonard was, by the mercy of his gods, enabled to say at breakfast, "I told you so. . . . Off at high tide indeed. . . . Didn't I say that little shrimp of a third officer didn't know his job."

Meeting Mr. Hospice on deck after breakfast, he said acidly, "In spite of your hopeful promise, Mr. Hospice, we're still aground."

"Why, by jove—*tho* we are!" exclaimed Mr. Hospice blithely.

LEONARD had no shyness of asking captains questions. The bluff and buttony spotlessness of captains imposed no humility on him. He felt himself the *moral* captain of every ship he travelled in. Actual captains were sometimes a little irritated by his assumption of a constant right to claim tête-à-têtes with them, but Leonard never observed this irritation. The captain of the Meritoria admitted, a little fretfully, on being buttonholed by Leonard, that the ship of which they shared the command had taken a firmer seat on the sand than had at first been supposed. "It'll be a matter of shifting cargo," said the captain, as he abruptly took flight.

"It'll be a matter of shifting cargo," retailed Leonard to his flock on deck. "We shall be here—oh . . . er . . . well . . . quite a time. . . ."

"Oh—*oh*—quite a *time*?" echoed Miss Dancey. "What would happen if the sea got rough? The ship would break up. Like in 'Robinson Crusoe.'"

"On the contrary," said Leonard. "The waves would help to jerk us off—but that's a technical question, and I won't go into it now. The—er—south-west typhoon isn't due at this time of year . . ." Even his hopeful ear detected a flaw in his omniscience here, so he changed the subject. "What do you all say to my suggesting to the captain that we passengers go ashore for the day? Just to get out of the way while they're shifting cargo."

"It would be damn hot," said Bertie Briggs, a slightly mutinous male lamb of his flock, looking at the scarred, heat-dazzled line of land.

On the contrary," said Leonard. "It would be far cooler than in the ship. I've spent years of my life in the tropics, and you can take it from me that the way to keep cool in a hot climate is to *keep out* of whatever breeze there is. Directly I take over a house in India, I immediately scrap all punkahs and electric fans. Immediately. 'Take the beastly things away,' I say to the servants. 'I'm not going to sit and catch pneumonia under those fancy gadgets like a callow tourist.' . . ."

A callow tourist! Every tourist within earshot shuddered, shocked at such an idea. For a tourist to behave like a tourist! About twenty tourist passengers felt obliged to disprove their shameful touristhood by consenting to an expedition to the windless shore, if it could be arranged.

LEONARD and Miss Dancey had some difficulty in finding the captain. "These sailors simply don't know their job," he said to her as they followed rumours of the captain all over the ship. "Look at this so-called captain—gets his ship into a hole like this, and then disappears—can't be found, it seems, by any of his subordinates. Why, anything might happen—and yet nobody knows where to lay their hands on the man supposed to be responsible."

"Oh—*oh*—*might* anything happen?"

They finally ran the captain to earth in the chartroom. "I'm afraid, Miss Dancey, I can't invite passengers to come and see me here ——" he began, but Leonard managed, by talking in a very loud voice, to explain the object of their visit. The captain's attention was caught. "Well," he said, on a note of hope. "I can't think why you should want to go to a burnt-up hole like that, but if you *do* want to—far be it from me. . . . We shall probably spend the day shifting cargo and get off at high tide early to-morrow. You going, too, little Miss Dancey? Well, ladies do certainly have some odd fancies. I'll send my third officer, Mr. Hospice, to undertake the expedition."

"Oh, I'll undertake the expedition all right, captain," said Leonard.

"God help it, I know you will," replied the captain, with unexpected vigour. "Let's say, then, that Mr. Hospice will *over*take the *under*taker . . . Ha-ha. He'll have the boat ready in half an hour's time. I'm afraid I'm busy now. Good-bye. Enjoy yourselves."

"All ships' captains suffer from a superiority complex," said Leonard, looking a little ruffled as he helped Miss Dancey down the companion way. "They seem to think their authority is supreme."

"Oh—*oh*—*so* they do . . . But *isn't* it—on board their own ship?"

"On the contrary. In these days of trades unions, the captain is the slave of the humblest stoker on board."

"Oh—*oh*—*really*? Then oughtn't we to have gone and asked the humblest stoker on board if we might. . . ."

Really Miss Dancey was almost silly sometimes, thought Leonard.

However, as the boat, bristling with twenty passengers, was rowed to shore, he felt the joy of creation and domination—even though Mr. Hospice was ostensibly in charge—for certainly no other than Leonard Lumley had led out these bleating Israelites from their Egypt—had set the strong machinery of these rowing Lascars' arms in motion.

THE most beautiful moment of the expedition was the moment of landing. As the wrinkled sea-bottom, sloping lightly upwards under blue space, stopped being sea-bottom and became Arabia—as the keel of the boat gently grooved the ochre sand, it seemed to all the adventurers that they were about to do something wholly new for the first time. In marking that dazzling virgin beach with their feet, they would print some mystic and undreamt-of word on the only really blank page their eyes had ever rested on. One by one they jumped out of their boat, murmuring or shouting their astonishment. The shore—the whole land as far as eye could see—seemed to be newly created by some brusque movement of the earth, like a great nut newly cracked in haphazard fragments. Jagged rocks lay lightly on the sand; nothing was embedded or rooted. The very vegetation was only laid on the sand's surface in the form of large round rolling transparencies of dried tangled shrub—like ogres' thistledowns—blown from their far roots by some dusty long-dead wind. The uncouth newly broken rocks were sparsely scattered about the shore, were grouped into a crazy Stonehenge just above high-water mark, and a little further inland still were built into a long ridge which had acted as a kind of dam for the low-blown shifting sand from the desert. The horizon, therefore, was very close. The Magnificent Infinities which Leonard had promised his flock were shut away by this wave of rock and sand.

"Oh—*oh*—" cried Miss Dancey. "How eggstrawdinarily eggciting it all is. So *dangerous* looking, kind of. I believe I saw a man's head behind that rock. I suppose this country is *crammed* with *sheikhs*."

"On the contrary," said Leonard. "You may take it from me that there isn't a living soul within three hundred miles."

As he spoke, a young dark boy, almost naked, stepped out from behind a rock where he had been hiding to watch the landing of the strangers.

"—— except, of course," added Leonard, knowingly, "a few fisher-families scattered along the coast."

"I SUPPOSE they're practically savages," said elderly Mrs. Wilkins, looking dubiously at the morose child.

"On the contrary. Like all simple peoples, they are extremely friendly. They haven't learned to distrust strangers." He held out his hand with a coin in it. The simple boy seized a rock and threw it at the group—fortunately unskilfully—before he ran away shouting something that, one feared, was an Arabian curse.

"Well, well," said Leonard. "Boys will be boys all the world over. Now everybody—let's *enjoy* ourselves . . . . . Isn't it *good* to feel the solid earth under our feet again?"

"Yes *and* no," said Mr. Briggs, rather impudently. "The solid earth is almost burning the soles off my shoes. If you'd told me what we were in for, I'd have brought a pair of stilts along. What's the next move?"

"*My* next move is into the shade of that pile of rocks," said Mrs. Wilkins, who was rather stout. "It must be cooler there."

"On the contrary . . . ." But Leonard's flock, showing a disquieting independence, moved away from him as one lamb, towards the strip of red quivering shadow.

"We'd better have our cool drinkth now or never," said Mr. Hospice, who had been superintending two cross-looking stewards in the removal of several hampers into the shade.

"The ithe ith breathing itth latht. The lemonade'll be hot toddy thoon."

"I strongly disapprove of iced drinks in hot weather," began Leonard. "I have often——"

"Oh, thplendid," said Mr. Hospice. "The much the more for the retht of uth."

There was nothing for Leonard to do but to follow the party to the strip of shade. It was a narrow strip, growing narrower, and they were obliged to sit in a long row to enjoy it. The sand here certainly felt cool in contrast to the baked shore. Mrs. Wilkins said, "Really, this is quite pleasant," in a tone of surprise.

"Yes *and* no," grumbled Mr. Briggs, for at that moment the flies discovered the party.

"I WONDER how long we shall thtick thith out," said Mr. Hospice cheerfully.

Nobody answered, but everyone—even Leonard—silently wished that it would not seem ridiculous to leave Arabia after a visit of only nine minutes.

"Oh—*oh*—it's an *adventure*, anyway," said Miss Dancey.

"On the contrary. It is a popular fallacy that adventure is found in wild, remote places like this. You can take it from me that there is more chance of adventure in the Strand.

HIS luck seemed to be out to-day, for as he finished speaking a startling adventure began happening to them that certainly would have been unlikely in the Strand. A torrent of dirty and wild-looking men began streaming round from behind the ridge of rocks against which they sat. All were shouting—not apparently to any one in particular—and each carried a naked dagger or a kind of a billhook. They came and stood in front of the long line of seated picnickers—and continued coming—more and more of them—until the travellers' view of the sea was completely shut out. The heat and smell within this human stockade became almost unbearable.

"My hat," said Mr. Hospice, standing up. "Thethe beggarth don't look any too friendly."

"On the contrary," said Leonard, "they are no doubt friendly fisherfolk inviting us to visit their village. I see evidences of native industries. Look at the coloured plaited leather round the hilts of their weapons."

"Look at their toes," said Bertie Briggs. "All eaten away."

Their feet were the easiest part of them to look at, since all the lookers were seated. To stand up against the overhanging boulders one would have to stand almost nose to nose with the visitors.

"I don't want to look at anything," said Mrs. Wilkins. "I shall be sick in a minute."

Since Mr. Hospice was standing, the Arabs made the mistake of supposing that he was the travellers' mouthpiece, especially as he spoke a little Arabic. So Leonard sat back, trying to smile subtly, like a general leaving the drudgery to his aide-de-camp.

"Well, well," said Mr. Hospice, after a long bellowing talk with the head man, who wore red and sandy striped draperies. "It theemth thethe beggarth want thome of our good money off uth. No leth than twenty poundth, in fact."

"Whatever for?" asked Mrs. Wilkins, letting go of her nose for the purpose.

"Well, thtrangely enough, for the privilege of going back on board."

"Oh—*oh*—are they brigands?" asked Miss Dancey.

"Thomething like it, I'm afraid. But we're perfectly thafe, really. Only I thuppothe there'th nothing for it but to pay up."

"On the contrary," began Leonard, but Mr. Briggs interrupted him, "Can't we knock some of 'em down and run for it? They've got no firearms."

"Oh—*oh*—*don't* talk like that . . . . I'm going to faint," cried Miss Dancey, and she certainly began to cant alarmingly towards Leonard's shoulder.

"I've got eight and sixpence," said a desiccated Major. Apart from this sum, no one had more than a shilling or so.

"Well, talk—talk, my dear fellow," said Leonard to Mr. Hospice. "Talk, to gain time while I think out a plan of action. *Bargain* with the brutes. Bargaining is the essence of Oriental business."

"Very pothibly it ith," agreed Mr. Hospice. "I've been bargaining like hell. They athked forty firtht—they now conthent to take twenty. No amount of bargaining'll bring 'em down from twenty poundth to theventeen and thixpenthe.

"LET *me* talk to them," said Leonard, heaving himself to his feet among the crowding draperies of the Arabs. They began laughing coarsely, for some obscure reason expecting entertainment. "Now then, you scoundrels," he shouted authoritatively. But he stopped because a lean black hand darted forward and removed his pince-nez from his nose, snapping the little chain that tethered them to his bosom. "Here—I say—drop it—this is too much—this is robbery."

But the pince-nez were by now straddling a broad black nose at least twenty noses away from their owner's.

"Better rethign ourthelveth, I'm afraid," said Mr. Hospice. "They want me to go back to the ship and get the money, and I think I'd better, on the whole. You'll be

(*Continued on page 295*)

Mabel Robey

A Prominent Young Player

CELIA JOHNSON

Whose clever acting and good looks have been responsible for her rapid rise to fame. She scored a great success in Frank Vosper's recent play, "Debonair," and is at the moment appearing as Doris Lea with Sir Gerald du Maurier and Gladys Cooper in "Cynara," H. M. Harwood's and R. Gore-Browne's comedy now running at the Playhouse

WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE IN THE SUN AT CAP D'ANTIBES

A group of visitors to Cap d'Antibes. It includes Mr. and Mrs. Rooksbanck, Miss Rosie Dolly, who recently broke the bank, Miss Norma Talmadge, Mr. Gilbert Roland, Major and Mrs. Jack Coates, Miss Ruby de Remer, Miss Gracie Fields, Mr. and Mrs. d'Arcy Rutherford, Mr. Townsend Martin, and Miss Tisdale

END OF THE SEASON'S SENSATIONS

By SYLVIA LYON

THE other day the Paris correspondent of an American news syndicate telephoned me to ask if I knew anything about the reported marriage of the elder Princesse Amédée de Broglie to Don Luis de Bourbon. The Princesse Amédée de Broglie must be nearly eighty years old. She was born a Say, of the family of sugar magnates, whose only rivals are the Lebaudys. She is said to be worth about a hundred million gold francs, and when she married the Prince de Broglie she bought back the Château de Chaumont, near Blois, which his family had previously sold. Well, the Princesse de Broglie was an extraordinary person, given to yachting in the days when to sail from Calais to Dover was considered by the French to be adventurous. In fact, after her husband's death, the Princesse sailed all the way to China, and cast anchor in time to arrive for the Boxer rebellion.

The Princesse has three sons: Albert, whose wife was Nicole Xantho; Jacques, whose first wife was the Princesse de Wagram; and François, who is a bachelor. A cousin, Prince Louis de Broglie, won this year's Nobel prize for physics, while his brother, and head of the family, the Duc de Broglie, is also a scientist and member of the French Institute.

BATHING COSTUMES AT POURVILLE

Four attractive swimmers who were seen at the recent opening of the new swimming pool at Pourville. This jolly resort has now become very full of holiday-makers

As for Don Luis de Bourbon, who is a first cousin of the King of Spain, his career in Paris was such that, on arriving in Spain, his Spanish titles were taken away from him. He is the son of the Infante Eulalie, whom the French have always called "L'Infante O-la-la." Some years ago she wrote a book, in which one chapter was devoted to advice on the bringing up of one's sons and daughters. She was evidently so engrossed with this subject that she forgot to bring up her own offspring at all. He is now thirty-nine years

(Continued on page 290)

NO NEED FOR THE DENTIST!

"LET DADDY DO IT"

BY WILL OWEN

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 288)

MARCEL PROUST AND A QUARREL

AT DEAUVILLE

M. Paul Dubonnet, of Dubonnet apéritif fame (left), with Capt. H. Burke and Mme. Dubonnet, who is said to be the best-dressed woman in France. She is better known as Mrs. Nash

old, and therefore half the age of the Princesse de Broglie. Her sons are furious and are going to use all their influence to annul the marriage.

THIS may be the dead season in London, the "silly season" throughout America, but the last gasp of the Paris season was a drowning gurgle. The Comtesse Pecci-Blunt gave a white costume ball, and one of her masked guests made a grand entrance. But his entrée did not fulfil its expected conclusion, for he fell into a large fountain and his mask nearly caused his death, for he could not find his way out. But he finally emerged in such embarrassment that he fled. And to this day nobody knows who he was, and he will forever remain a mystery, like The Man in the Iron Mask.

THE correspondence of Marcel Proust is now being published by his brother, Dr. Robert Proust, and Paul Brach. The first volume, "Lettres à Robert de Montesquiou," brings to light at least one side of the quarrel that finally ended a thirty years' friendship between Proust and Montesquiou. Everybody knows that when in 1913 Proust's first volume of "À La Recherche du Temps Perdu" appeared Montesquiou grew decidedly cold, as he considered that Proust had taken him as a model for his character of Charlus. He accused Proust of this, saying that was why he had not sent him a numbered copy of the book. Proust in turn wrote to Montesquiou denying the accusation, and immediately forwarding to him the desired copy. Montesquiou must have been in one of his dangerously peevish moods at the time, because he wrote back to Proust saying that the copy was soiled. This, of course, was most unfair of Robert de Montesquiou, as Proust at that time was desperately ill, and it had been a miracle that he had ever been able to write such a book, much less than send copies of it to all his friends.

IN fact, before the publication of "À La Recherche du Temps Perdu" Proust feared that he would never live to see his work appear. So great was his dread that he wrote to another friend, René Blum, who, by the way, is now the director of the Casino at Le Touquet, asking him if he would approach Bernard Grasset with the proposition that Proust would be willing to pay for the publication himself. Proust had a sincere admiration for Montesquiou, and it was the latter's own fault if he provided inspiration.

ONE day the Princesse Marthe Bibesco went, accompanied by her husband and d'Annunzio, to have tea with Montesquiou. Before serving tea the exquisite Robert, who wrote charming things about people when he wasn't saying nasty things about them, insisted that the Princesse should wear a ring that had belonged to the Comtesse de Castiglione, and to d'Annunzio he handed a walking stick that had been in the possession of Brummel, while to Georges Bibesco, to whom he was a cousin by marriage, he handed nothing at all. But even in this omission he practised what he preached. For it was Montesquiou who invented the phrase: "The aristocratic pleasure of displeasing."

S. L.

GOOD PROSPECTS FOR THE WINTER SEASON!

During the recent cold spell snow fell to a depth of several inches in Switzerland, and the scenery suggested winter sports more than any other pastime. Five hardy young climbers are seen above making the most of the unusual conditions at Rocher-de-Naye, which stands 7,000 feet above sea level

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

H. G. W. AND E. V. L.

By Ralph Straus

Of late years Mr. Wells has been repeatedly attacked for being a different person from what he was thirty years ago. This seems to me to be singularly unfair, but no matter. People have complained that his more recent novels have contained too much sociological propaganda and too little story. And quite a number of intelligent folk find sociological propaganda, even Mr. Wells's, very dull stuff. They ask of a novel that it should primarily entertain and not attempt to instruct them. There is something to be said for their point of view. On the other hand, Mr. Wells might reasonably argue—in private he certainly does—that it is the author's business to decide on the kind of novel that he wishes to write. He has ideas about life which refuse to be kept out of his novels, and that, as they say, is all there is to it.

What, then, of *The Autocracy of Mr. Parham* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.*)? It is having what is called a mixed Press. One or two of my friends find it not altogether to their taste. The usual Wellsian lecture, they say, with a queer sort of dream tacked on to it: dullish. Others, on the contrary, are delighted to find a satirical Mr. Wells having the greatest fun at the expense of one of Oxford's Lost Causes, amusing himself with such (for him) unlikely affairs as ectoplasmic séances and a British dictator, and cunningly constructing a romance which almost deserves to be called "early-Wellsian."

For myself I enjoyed every bit of it, except, curiously enough, the three pages which are given over to what in the nineteenth century used to be called the fair sex. These three pages seem to me to be so oddly out of place that I am surprised at Mr. Wells for allowing them to intrude. This is no love story (for which reason, I suppose, it cannot be called a woman's book), but none was needed. Perhaps the best way to describe it is to call it a grotesque romance with a political background.

Mr. Parham himself is an Oxford historical don of the older school. He is not an unduly ambitious man, but he would like to address a rather larger audience than Oxford can provide. Obviously he must edit a new high-brow weekly. But this means money, and where is it to be found? Mr. Parham meets Sir Bussy Woodcock, a go-ahead millionaire, and quietly stalks him. The weekly does not materialise. Something else does, very appropriately, during a spiritualistic séance. A Master Spirit appears. It seizes hold of Mr. Parham. It engulfs Mr. Parham. It transforms Mr. Parham into a real live Dictator who in the good old Cromwellian fashion goes down to the House of Commons and removes all the baubles, and assumes all kinds of extraordinary powers. And we, being orderly folk, accept the coup d'état, without loss of blood. We do what we are told by this magnificent Lord Paramount who once was an Oxford don. He is to be our super-Mussolini.

Well, he does his best to put his country on the map again. He stands no nonsense from mere foreigners. In the old regal way he goes on his Progresses. He is a very great man indeed. His clothes (as shown by "Low," who provides "pictorial assistance" of the jolliest kind) are magnificent. And when the time comes for the next world-war Lord Paramount is ready to enjoy his final triumph.

It is to be a more "glorious" war than any of the others, even though the nastiest gases be used. But after the Americans and ourselves have annihilated each other's fleets in mid-Atlantic affairs do not go entirely according to plan. Actually the Dictator finds himself more or less under the thumb of a mere General. Later on he is even being dictated to by Sir Bussy himself. This will never do. Something very drastic must happen. Something very drastic does happen. Mr. Parham wakes up.

An anti-climax? No: merely the one possible curtain. Mr. Parham has failed because he looked to the past and not to the future; and Mr. Wells has succeeded in sugaring his pill in the most delectable fashion. His description of the naval battle is a superb piece of writing, but his account of the séance is hardly less splendid. Sir Bussy is delightful, and so, in his way, is the don. And one day, perhaps, Mr. Wells will give us the other side of the picture—with a young scientific don (from Cambridge) dictating to the world in a rather different way.

MR. E. V. LUCAS

Whose new book, "Down the Sky," is reviewed on this page. It is published by Methuen at 7s. 6d.

The story may be the thing, but its lack is not always felt. Take, for instance, Mr. E. V. Lucas's new book, *Down the Sky* (Methuen: 7*s.* 6*d.*). He calls it an entertainment, and that is precisely what it is. There is no particular story in its diverting pages, but a hundred little stories attached to the persons of a few jolly folk who will be no strangers to Mr. Lucas's admirers.

You may remember a previous entertainment called *Windfall's Eve*, in which the elderly and very lovable Richard won the Calcutta Sweep and prepared to enjoy himself with his friends. The chief of these was the elderly and very lovable Jenny Candover, who had long left her husband to look after himself. The two of them were good to meet, and here they are once again in the new book—Richard ready to be interested in everything under the sun, from cricket to fruit and stewards' dreams to the Press, and Jenny as wilfully feminine as ever. The lady plays with the idea of opening a London restaurant, where chicken-pie shall be the only dish, but Richard is wise enough to dissuade her. Instead he takes her off with him to Ceylon, where they have the time of their lives. And their enjoyment is by no means lessened by the news of Mr. Candover's unexpected and convenient demise. Will the two dear things marry? Richard tells us that he is well content to remain single, but Jenny has plans for a double. I am inclined to put my money on her.

I do not know how Mr. Lucas manages to do it. He just rambles on about anything that comes into his head, and yet miraculously each vignette falls into its rightful position. There is not a dull page in the book.

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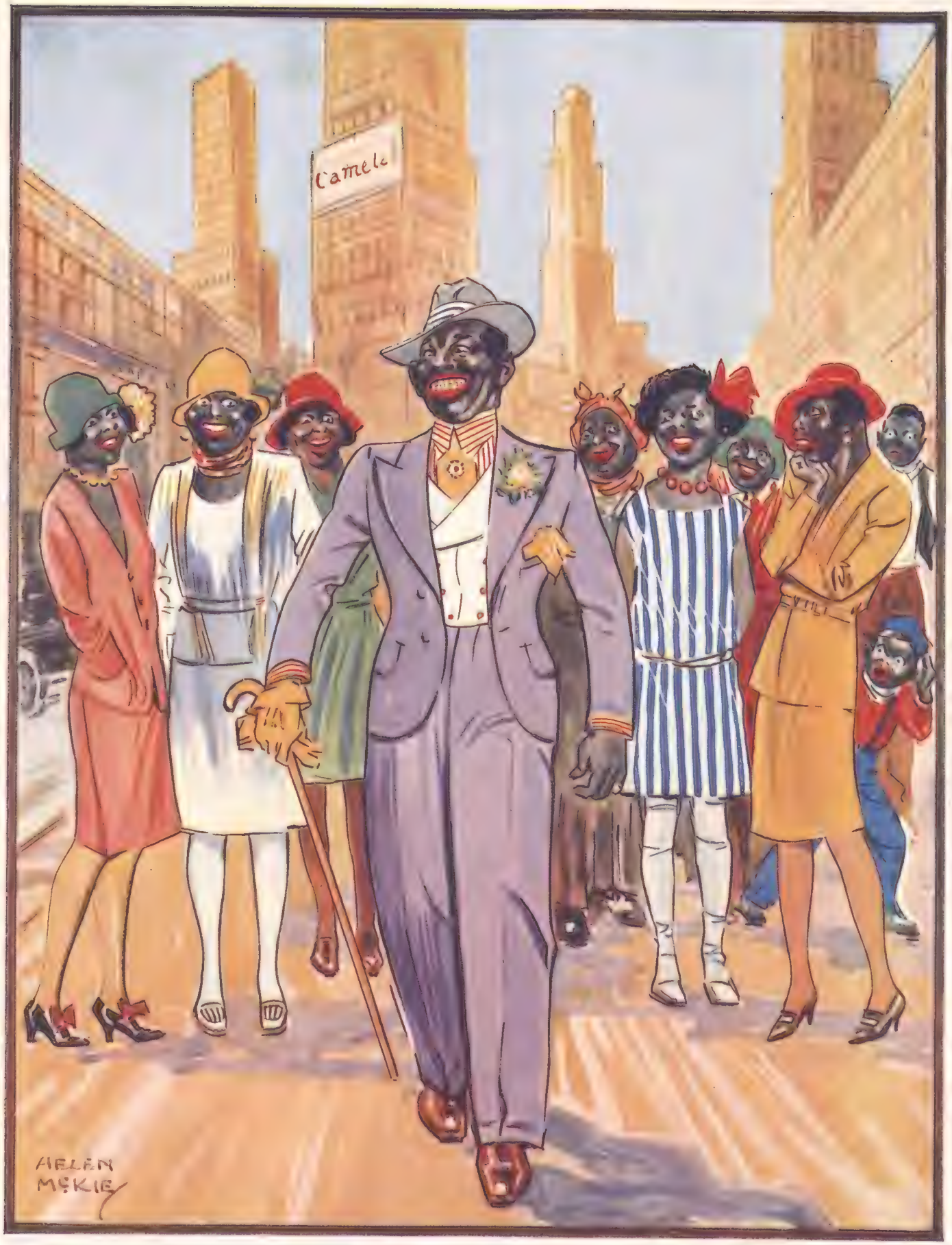


NIGGER HEAVEN

A clever holiday sketch in Haarlem, New York, by Helen McKie

ON THE CONTRARY (continued from page 286)

quite thafe, ath long ath you don't annoy them. You're *money* to them."

"So damned ignominious," said Mr. Briggs.

But Leonard did not feel ignominious, though his eyes, without their glasses, had rather a pink, wincing look. "Yes, go back," he said, haughtily, "and ask the captain from me to send a party of armed men—all the arms he has, and ——"

But Mr. Hospice was hurrying down the beach to where the Lascars—all agog—were waiting in the boat.

"I'd like to see the captain's face when he gets my message," said Leonard, looking down his line of wilting followers. "He'll agree with me, of course, that an armed demonstration would be a better course than tamely paying up."

From above, a shaggy head looking over a split boulder—like holly on the top of a partly eaten plum pudding—was engaged in spitting assiduously down on to the captives. Leonard moved out of the range of this marksman.

"Better stand in the shade, Lumley," said the Major. "You're the only one of us without a topi or a sunshade."

"On the contrary," said Leonard grimly. "The topi is the cause of more cases of sunstroke than . . . you can take it from me . . Oh, *when* is this blasted little sailor coming back? The inefficiency of sailors is simply——" He covered his burst of petulance with—"I'm longing to have a dozen armed men behind me and put these damned niggers in their places. Excuse my language, ladies."

"Oh—oh—you are so *brave* . . ."

"I can see a boat—no, *two* boats, leaving the ship now," said Mr. Briggs after a few minutes.

"Two boats—that means forty men," said Leonard. "I knew the captain would agree with me. Pay up, indeed—what nonsense."

There was a pause, and then Mr. Briggs said, "The boats are empty, except for Hospice and the men rowing."

"On the contrary," said Leonard. "The armed men are all crouching out of sight. Even Hospice would have too much sense to show his hand too soon."

"The two boats are separating now," continued Mr. Briggs. "One's going to land right away down the beach.

"They understood my suggestions perfectly," said Leonard. "Lord, I wish I could get my glasses back so that I could see the fun."

BUT there was no fun to see. The two boats ran ashore about a hundred yards apart, and Mr. Hospice alone jumped out of the nearest one. Even the robbers listened as he began shouting. His voice reached his friends across the hot air with a brittle, almost microphonic sound. "I'm going to walk thlowly up the beach while you walk thlowly down to that further boat. I'll thet the pathe. You mutht all be thafe in the boat by the time I reach the niggerth."

"Must! Must!" exclaimed Leonard furiously. "What does he mean—*must*? Are we to trot about the beach at his orders like a flock of sheep? I shan't move a step."

"Well, I shall," said the Major. "And I advise the ladies . . ."

But the ladies needed no advice; they were already gingerly filing between the bars of their living prison.

"Not too fatht!" shrilled Mr. Hospice, "keep together, and watch me." He shouted in pidgin Arabic to the robbers. A group of them left the picnickers and started to meet him, but he at once retreated towards the boat. The Arabs, understanding the position, stood still, watching their victims receding, their reward approaching. Leonard stood sullenly against the rock, wondering what gesture of valour and authority remained to him to make.

"Oh—*oh*—Mr. Lumley," Miss Dancey called back. "*Don't* stay there by yourself . . . You'll be *killed*."

"I must stand by Hospice," said Leonard. This idea occurred to him one second before he put it into words.

The retreat and approach, regulated to synchronise, were slow, but at last the picnickers were safe in the boat, and Mr. Hospice reached the robber group.

"Good lord, Mithter Lumley—you thtill here? Why didn't you go with the otherth?"

"Because I'm a man and not a sheep."

Mr. Hospice said nothing; he was counting out money into the chief robber's hand. All the Arabs wanted to look at the money; they craned and tip-toed behind each other like excited children. Leonard stood outside the group, trying to keep his looks in keeping with his latest gesture—"Standing by a fellow-man." The robbers, finding themselves all bowed by curiosity and avarice to one centre, suddenly awoke to the fact that in the messenger they had another hostage. Why not send Leonard back to the ship for another twenty pounds ransom? And then seize Leonard and send the sailor. What a delightfully easy way of making money, thought the simple fellows. Holding Mr. Hospice by his clothes, they expounded their idea to him, pointing vigorously to Leonard. But just as Leonard was wondering what this (probably flattering) attention meant, Mr. Hospice burst himself out of his clawed-at coat and kicked the robber chief in the stomach.

"Run for it, Lumley," he shrieked—and ran.

MR. LEONARD LUMLEY'S legs ran after him, bearing his reluctant body, which still throbbed with the thought—"An Englishman never turns his back on danger." Luckily, his legs knew better.

A few of the Arabs, rather half-heartedly, pursued the fugitives, but most of them at once relinquished their too complex plan of seizing alternate hostages and earning ransom after ransom to infinity. They had had a remunerative morning's work, after all. Some of them came, shouting uncertainly, to the sea's edge, but Mr. Hospice and Leonard were being rowed swiftly away. The picnickers were already safe on board the Meritoria.

"I THOUGHT there'd be trouble," panted Leonard. "As it turned out I was quite right to stay and back you up."

"Very noble of you, I'm thure."

"I can't imagine why you didn't bring back a few guns and men, as I told you to."

"My dear thir, thothe bruteth would have cut all your throath at the firtht shot. They had you penned up like pigth in a thtye. Twenty poundth for the lot of you wath only a pound a piethe, after all."

"Pigs in a stye! Leonard was struck dumb by the outrageous description. What a detestable young man this was. He little knew that the kind Mr. Hospice was suppressing the captain's actual message—"Can't you arrange to pay up nineteen pounds nineteen shillings and elevenpence—and let 'em keep that dam-fool Lumley?"

Leonard and Mr. Hospice, on the deck of the Meritoria, found themselves the centre of a frenzied group of ex-picnickers and their friends. "Oh—*oh*—OH—*what* an adventure."

"On the contrary," began Leonard—but his world suddenly played him false. It wavered, whirled, slipped upward, crashed, as he fell flat on the deck in the midst of his flock. Before he became quite unconscious he heard two voices—good and evil—like the voices described by poets as A Voice and Another Voice.

"Oh—*oh*—poor *darling* Mr. Lumley—he's been so *wonderful* . . ."

"Sunstroke. That's what comes of being such a —— fool as not to wear a topi. . . ."

"On the contrary," gurgled Leonard—but he was obliged to reserve his retort for several days. And by that time it was not necessary, for Leonard's convalescence was brightened by the discovery that it was the intention of his flock to present him with a solid silver cigarette case, in recognition of his Splendid Behaviour and Competent Leadership in the Hour of Danger. Even Mr. Hospice was to be given a pair of enamel cuff-links.

Stella Benson

MOST of the wrinkles on women's faces come from worrying about their complexions.

* * *

GOLF would be an even more comical game if the ball had a temper.

* * *

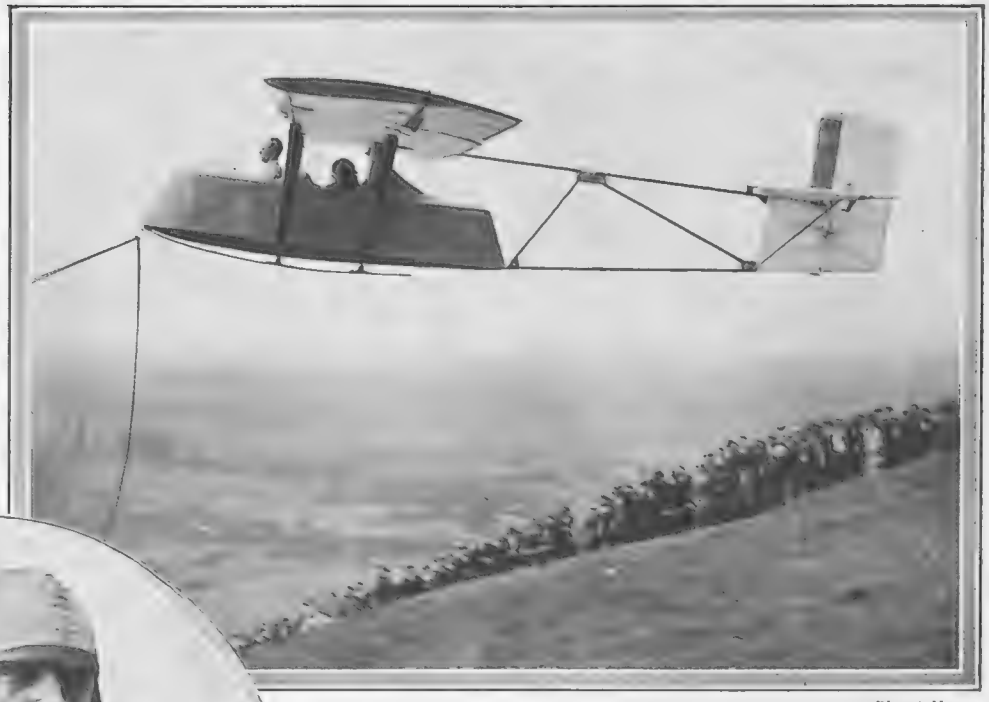
THE YOUNG MAN: "How long will it be until your sister makes her appearance?"

THE YOUNGER BROTHER: "She's upstairs making it now."

FLYING NOTES

HESTON—OFF THE GREAT WEST ROAD

By Capt. C. E. Ward



Planet News

A new two-seater glider, piloted by Capt. Latimer Needham, taking off at the first inter-club gliding match between the London Gliding Club and the Lancashire Aero Club It took place recently at Ivinghoe

Sport and General

Capt. H. S. Broad, who was the first competitor to complete the 5,000-mile flight round Europe. Two other Englishmen, Messrs. A. S. Butler and S. A. Thorn, finished second and third respectively

Private Enterprise—Up to Date

As an example of successful private enterprise applied to the construction and operation of an airport on a big scale, Heston has no parallel in the country. Ranking as the second airport for London, no fewer than 260 machines have been cleared for Customs in a little more than 10 weeks, which indicates the considerable extent of private flying to and from the Continent. On an average 50 privately owned machines are garaged at Heston, 70,000 square feet of hangar space being divided between two large public hangars and two others containing private lock-ups exclusively. The club, with 500 members, has attractive premises in the same building as the control tower, there being a restaurant, lounges, bar, and pupils' room with kit lockers. The flying clubs run by the Household Brigade and the Stock Exchange have their headquarters at Heston, with a club-room of their own and machines operating in the Heston School fleet. The average time taken by the school pupils before going solo is six hours, probably the lowest in the country, and due to the excellent system laid down by Captain V. H. Baker, the chief instructor, and to the variety and efficient maintenance of aircraft. Mr. Nigel Norman and Mr. Alan Muntz, who control and manage everything at Heston, are the directors of the company which owns it, and it is owing to their initiative and energy that London possesses not only the finest unsubsidised flying centre in the country, but probably one without an equal anywhere in the world.

Clubs and Flying Schools

THE Norfolk and Norwich Club's third annual meeting at Mousehold was, as usual, a great success. The Sheriff of Norwich had his first view of the city from the air, and Sir Sefton Brancker made the luncheon an excuse for useful propaganda about air pageants being most valuable recruiting agents for civil aviation. Incidentally, Norwich does not yet possess a municipal aerodrome! The club has a membership of nearly 500, the subscription being three guineas a year, and instruction can be obtained at 25 shillings an hour. The Phillips and Powis School at Reading has grown considerably this summer. Three instructors are available with five Moths, and further machines are being purchased. Flying instruction can be had at 50 shillings an hour, which is cheap considering that there is no subscription or entrance fee to pay. The Brooklands School continues to provide "instruction without queues" from sunrise to sunset, many busy people taking advantage of the early morning and evening sessions. The list of pupils and pilots taking refresher courses includes several well-known names.

A Recent Event

THE "Tour of Europe," the most important international reliability trial for light aircraft, is drawing to a close as I write these notes, but the results will not be known until the end of this week owing to the fact that technical trials are conducted during the week after the race proper. Last year Captain Broad and Miss Spooner on the two Moths could have finished the course well ahead of the field if the regulations had allowed it, but this year foreign competition has been more intense and the weather has been consistently bad. Mr. Alan Butler and Captain Broad on Moths tied for first place in crossing the line at Berlin, followed by Mr. Thorn on the Hermes Avian twenty-five minutes later. Speed is calculated only by flying time between stops, so that the first man home does not necessarily get the highest marks. Mr. Alan Butler, who had the lead alternately with Captain Broad for the greater part of the course, may be disqualified because he changed his air-screw owing to damage at Posen. Captain Broad's average will work out at probably a little over 110 miles per hour, which is a great tribute to his own skill and to the reliability of the standard Moth with the Gipsy engine.

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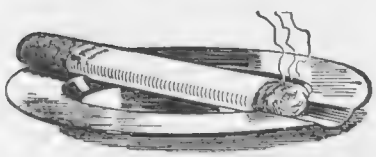

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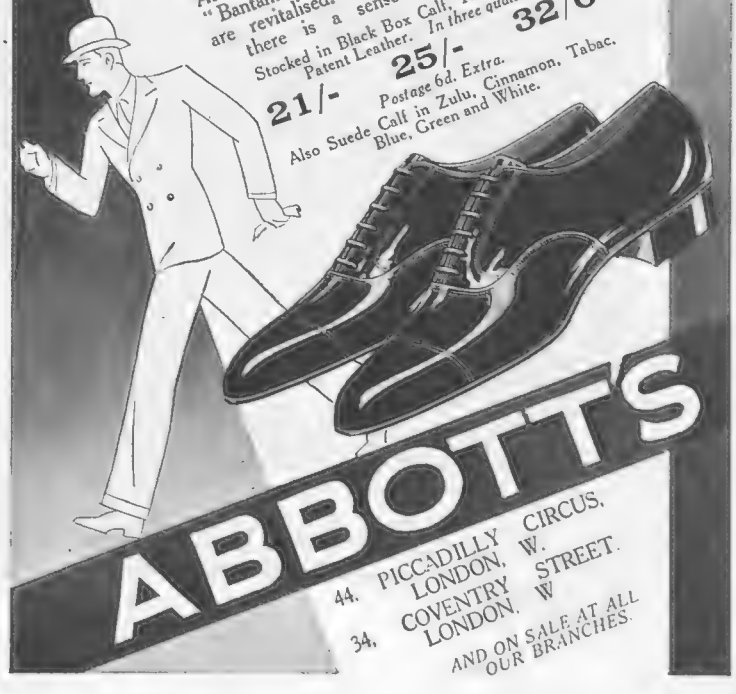

ABBOTTS

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DOGS

GASTRITIS: By Lady Kitty Ritson

IN reply to a correspondent who has asked for advice, diarrhœa is not a thing to be lightly disregarded and to be dismissed as if it were of no account. Of course, it may come from the dog having eaten something that has disagreed with him, and then it is Nature's way of getting rid of the unsuitable substance. Therefore, if a healthy dog suffers for a couple of days from diarrhœa there is no need to pay any attention; indeed, it would be a mistake to stop it, but when it continues, and the dog goes off his food and perhaps drinks a great deal, it is time to take preventive measures.

IN these Notes I should like it clearly understood that I am not trying to take the place of a veterinary surgeon. I propose merely to give advice from the fund of experience which I have acquired during the past. All serious illness *must* be dealt with by a competent and trained doctor, but there is no doubt that many diseases can be nipped in the bud, or at any rate not allowed to become worse, by using sensible treatment.

IF a dog continues to have diarrhœa and is perhaps sick at the same time, drinking feverishly, you may be pretty certain that he is suffering from an attack of gastritis. The best plan is to take him off all solid food at once. People get so concerned when a dog has to be starved for a day or two. I can assure you that it does not hurt them in the very least, and I doubt whether they even really mind, so long as they are not confronted with food. Now, there are two distinct schools of thought on the question of a gastritis diet—the English and the Continental. An English veterinary surgeon will tell you to put the dog on a milk diet, but a French or German vet. (or a doctor) will have a fit at the idea of using milk, which, they insist, is an unnatural food and a carrier of germs. I am rather of the latter opinion, and prefer to give the water in which oatmeal has been boiled and boiled and strained through a sieve. This is both nourishing and soothing to the stomach. If you wish to give milk, give it mixed with Vichy.

IN severe cases you must allow no liquid, only a lump of ice to lick, which must be placed on a dish and the water allowed to drop through into a basin, or, better still, placed on a sieve. When a dog has reached the stage of drinking violently and immediately vomiting up the water, you must adopt this plan, but you must send for the veterinary surgeon.

AN ordinary case of gastritis can be cured by keeping the dog quiet and warm, and giving him nothing but oatmeal "soup" and an occasional teaspoonful of water. This should cure him in a day or two, or till the vet. comes.

If the diarrhœa passes off after a couple of days you will know that it was nothing but a transitory trouble.

The start of one of the heats of a flat race for Dandie Dinmonts. The photograph was taken at the Training School sports of the Bell Mead Kennels, Ltd., owned by Miss I. Trefusis Forbes, at Haslemere

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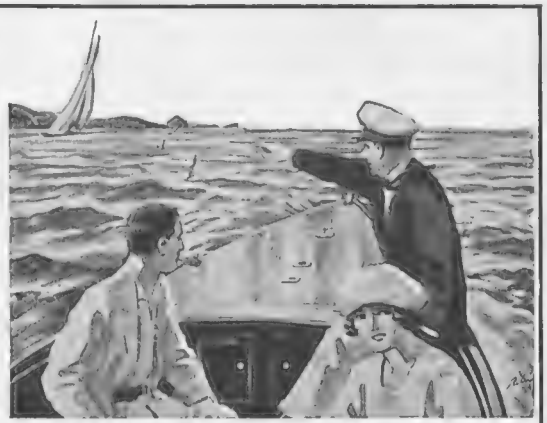

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One of the best things you can do for sluggish intestines is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This has a splendid cleansing and stimulating effect upon both the stomach and intestines. You can make the hot water and lemon juice doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder.

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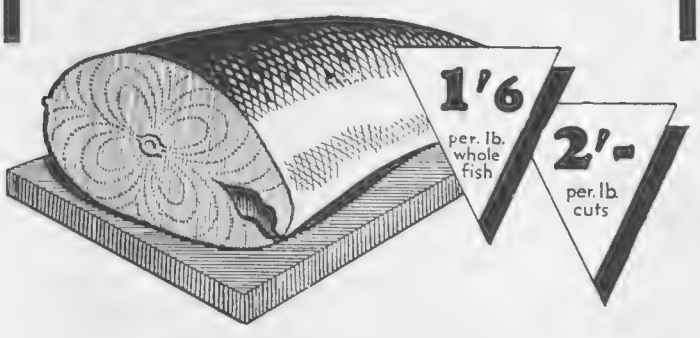

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Brown and beige figured hopsack is used for this admirably tailored suit, a novel feature of which is the detachable collar of shaded lamb. This has wide tie ends, and it can consequently be wrapped closely round the throat, thrown open, or discarded altogether if its wearer is in the country. It comes from Debenham and Freebody, and is cut on slender lines which are enhanced by rows of pin tucks on the coat. The skirt has a fitted hip yoke which buttons down the front

FALLING LEAVES—and FLARED COATS

By OLIVE CALEY SMITH

Long versus Short

THOSE who have seen the early collections of Autumn coats and suits are convinced about one thing, and that is that flared hems are Fashion's trump card. Long and short wraps have them, the former very subtly, and the latter in no uncertain manner. These short coats, worn over complementary dresses, are extremely smart, and there is a feeling for combining in them two effectively contrasting fabrics. For instance, one blue and white checked tricot frock had a blue hopsack coat fitting snugly to the waist, from whence sprang a pleated basque. While an oatmeal tweed affair, similarly shaped but with a flared frill standing out from the waist, accompanied a svelte black satin dress!

Russian Coats and Redingotes

SOME of the new short coats plainly show a Russian influence, for they are made in black velvet, with an upstanding collar and wide revers of white fur, which also borders the hem, outlines the pockets, and forms deep cuffs. A white leather belt encircles the waist. Again, many cloth models are reminiscent of the redingote, being shaped closely to the waist and then flowing outwards to the hem. Sketched on the left at the foot of this page is a beautiful wrap from Robert Heath, of Knightsbridge. It is expressed in black face cloth and has a luxurious collar and cuffs of sable-dyed squirrel. Narrow inset straps stress the slender line of the straight back, and four deep tucks are carried across the slightly flared front. The small velour hat has an inset of white petersham on the forehead, and another, allied with black petersham, on the crown. Also to be seen are the newest models for Autumn.

This is the line that predominates in the Autumn collections. The black face cloth model comes from Robert Heath, of Knightsbridge, and is enriched with sable squirrel, while the American broadtail coat, with its sable kolinsky collar, is sponsored by Barnardo's, of Grafton Street, Dublin. Both are slightly flared

Fashionable Furs

IRELAND is famed for many things, and standing out prominently among them is the Dublin Horse Show, which is now being held. So it is that our thoughts turn to the Emerald Isle, and, since dress is the topic under discussion, it naturally happens that their shops spring to mind. Barnardo's Fur Store, in Grafton Street, Dublin, is one that immediately claims attention. The brown American broadtail coat sketched on this page comes from them. It has a Medici collar of natural squirrel or sable kolinsky, and it may be procured for 99 guineas. This is only possible because Mr. Barnardo himself selects all his skins abroad and personally supervises the work, which is done in his own work-rooms. An attractive moleskin coat for only 6½ guineas is also typical of their value, and readers of THE BYSTANDER in England and Scotland, having sent for an illustrated catalogue, can safely order any goods, for they will be sent duty free and post free on receipt of a cheque, and the money will be refunded if they do not meet with approval.

Poplin for Picture Frocks

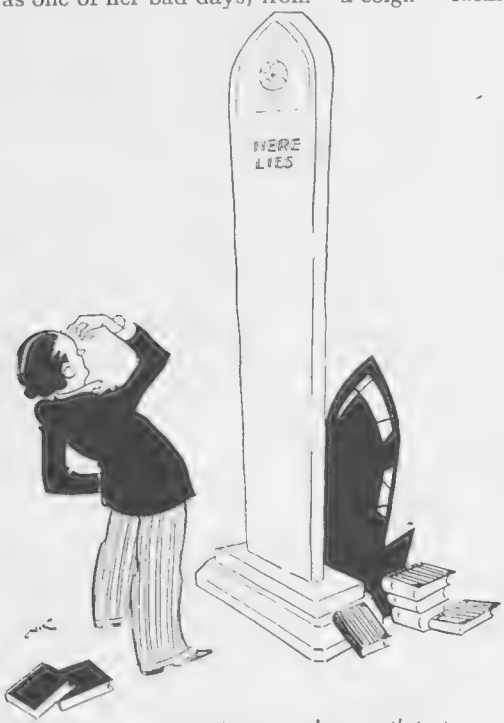
DURING the reign of Louis XIV Huguenot refugees fled to Ireland and established in that country a thriving silk weaving industry. For more than a hundred years the House of Atkinson has been associated with this trade, and to-day their famous Irish poplin owes its distinction to the fact that it is hand-loomed from the finest merino wool and natural China silk. A visit should certainly be paid to their stand at the Horse Show (it is No. 27 in the Main Hall), where there is a splendid selection of scarves, bags, millinery, evening cloaks, and things for the home. And to their premises at College Green, Dublin, where there is exquisite real Irish lace and a wonderful range of their poplins and ties. Not an atom of loading is used in the dyes employed in the manufacture of Atkinson's Irish poplin, and in consequence the "life" and natural resilience of the material remains unimpaired. The ties are made in stripes, self colours, and designs, and they can also be made to order in college and club colours.

AREN'T WE ALL?

By J. A. Hammerton

J. A. HAMMERTON'S
fortnightly causerie on Authors. This week he writes on
MODESTY IN LITERATURE

IN Scotland it is an old custom towards the gloaming hour to "tak' a dander roon' the kirk yaird"; an economical and sobering pastime. I have always been partial to musings among the tombs, and rarely have I visited any of these haunts of ancient peace without gleaning some littie sheaf of thought to swell the harvest of a quiet eye. More rarely have I found by yew or cypress "copy" for the Literary Show. But even that may happen in an old place of graves, as I proved the other day after I had wearied of watching Shamrock V trying to outsail Lulworth (it was one of her bad days) from "a coign



"A simple way for authors to make sure that at least the titles of their books should outlive them"

of the cliffs between lowland and highland" near the mouth of Loch Long.

In the little old cemetery there I came upon a tombstone which bears this inscription:

James Ballantyne Hannay
Chemist Physicist Linguist & Astronomer
Born Glasgow 1st Jan. 1855
Author
Christianity: Sources of its Teaching & Symbolism. Bible Folk Lore: Sex Symbolism in Religion. Rise, Decline & Fall of the Roman Religion and Kosmos the Eternal Universe.

"WELL," you may remark, "and who was J. B. Hannay, anyhow, and whence your interest in him?" The answer is that he still is. He has not ceased upon the midnight hour. He still walks jauntily along the shore, as I saw him myself, a fine figure of a man for his years, while his tombstone stands in the graveyard with a gaping blank for the closing date which I hope may still be distant! And I fell a-thinking that here was a simple way for authors to make sure that at least the titles of their books should outlive them. But for this tombstone I had never heard of any of these vastly ambitious works of J. B. Hannay, and I doubt if any of my readers has been luckier than I in being already admitted to the secrets of "Kosmos."

IF one is going to have a tombstone when one is dead, who better to dictate its inscription than he who is to sleep beneath it? Particularly if one's works have been of the "monumental" order which are so apt to be neglected by common readers. A well-chosen inscription may then become a sort of graveyard "blurb"! There is an engaging frankness about the above that appeals to one. The author is proud of his achievement. Not like a once-celebrated novelist of my acquaintance who boasted that his library did not contain a single copy of any work he had written. Modesty is too often a pose.

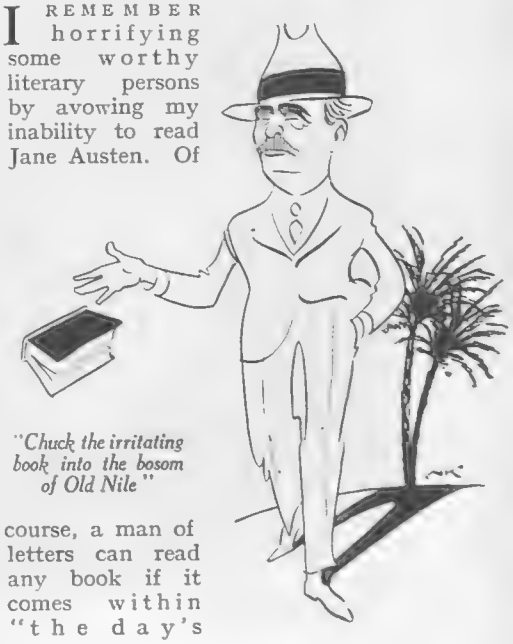
THERE used to be a gutter poet in Scotland named McGonagal. He sold his poems in the streets of Dundee, and occasionally in Edinburgh and Glasgow. They were "Dedicated to Myself, knowing none greater." No humbug he; simply an honest poet. His dedication might stand at the front of any poet's works, as it is of the essence of the poet's nature that when the afflatus has come upon him, that "mysterious tide of vision," as Carlyle calls it, he sees none other between him and the Eternal: he is the primal and the ultimate being.

TALKING of humbug and honesty, Mr. Robert Hichens has recently been attacking the highbrows on the ground of their hypocrisies. He is glad to pass his days far away from the tiresome cackle of the coteries, where he can throw Proust or Jean Cocteau in the waste-paper basket if so minded. Or, if feeling vigorous enough, walk down his garden at Luxor and chuck the irritating book into the bosom of Old Nile. In such a mood I once threw the "latest and greatest" novel of an

"Particularly if one's works have been of the monumental order which are so apt to be neglected by common readers"

English writer out of a railway carriage on the Andine desert of Atacama. Mr. Hichens demands what I have so often claimed, the right to enjoy such literature as he likes and to reject what displeases him, no matter how "authoritative" the critics who thrust it upon him. He would, I think, agree with me that most of our modern literary critics show as much independence of judgment as some professional writers on motor cars. They are useful publicity agents for the trade, afraid to admit an admiration for anything which the herd is not admiring, and seldom ready to confess that any of the accepted classics leave them cold.

I REMEMBER horrifying some worthy literary persons by avowing my inability to read Jane Austen. Of



"Chuck the irritating book into the bosom of Old Nile"

course, a man of letters can read any book if it comes within "the day's

work," and when I say that I am not a "Janeite" I mean that I cannot read her for pleasure. Once, when I was staying at his country home with my friend Hamilton Fyfe, I was interested to find that he was then midway in the fourth or fifth rereading of *Mansfield Park*, which he actually read aloud to his wife in the evenings! Here were two very charming real living people finding intellectual pleasure in what has ever seemed to me the dreariest dialogue and the tamest description of things that do not matter.

Now I know most that has been said about the novels of Jane Austen by those persons who are vaguely called "the great critics"; I know why I should rejoice in their reading, even better than I know why they weary and bore me. But though I have had to read certain of them and even to write conventionally about them as a literary task, all my efforts to reread these or to read through others of Jane's classics for pleasure have failed. Miss Austen's six famous novels stand on my shelves to-day, each with a page turned down about quarter way through—never more than midway—showing the high-water mark of my effort. It would take me unavailable pages to explain why. All that I can say here is that her characters, though perfectly realised, do not appeal to

"Can read any book if it comes within 'the day's work'"

me; their aimless chatter tires me, while it seems to soothe others. And it is not for want of a will, as I have made repeated efforts, however barren, to derive some degree of pleasure from Jane Austen's stories; and when I recall that Andrew Lang did not succeed in reading Scott's "Rob Roy" until he had passed forty, I cherish the hope that at seventy *Sense and Sensibility, Pride and Prejudice,* and the rest may reveal to me some charm which till now I have sought in vain.

One can never become a true admirer of any author by capitulation. That is why I view with rising apprehension the increase of these book societies and so-called clubs which try to browbeat readers into accepting this author or that, or stampede the mob in certain directions of reading that may seem good or profitable to the promoters. To strive after personal honesty in one's literary preferences, to state one's own opinions, not to repeat what others are saying, or merely to re-echo accepted judgments, is no easy matter. The line of least resistance in criticism is to say what the others are saying or are likely to say, and if possible, when praising, lay it on a bit thicker. Few, indeed, are they who could honestly say they have never praised what they felt to be unworthy and never adversely spoken of any piece of literary work without first examining it dispassionately and searching for its merits. I know that I am not among that few, and not to be one of them is to be something of a humbug! But aren't we all? Try as we may to free our minds of cant, we cannot quite succeed, and all that may be accounted to us for righteousness is that we at least make the effort.

J. A. Hammerton

THE HOLIDAY SEASON

A rustic view of Barden Towers in the Valley of the Wharfe, near Harrogate, where some of the finest scenery in all England is to be seen, and where the air is like champagne

SHOOTING NOTES

SPORTSWOMEN—AND THE REST

Competitors practising for the Amateur Clay Pigeon Shooting Championships. They took place recently at Worcester Park

By "Clodhopper"

THAT the true type of English sportswoman can rather more than hold her own with all comers, including the lords of creation, has been very successfully demonstrated of late. Miss Amy Johnson succeeded in making her historic, single-handed flight to Australia, Miss Brown carried off the King's Cup in the last big air race, and, more recently still, Miss M. E. Foster gave the knock-out blow to all the crack target shots at Bisley by winning the King's Prize with the utmost sangfroid.

ONLY those who have shot on the exposed Bisley ranges, under such adverse conditions of wind and weather as obtained during the final stages of the battle for the much-coveted blue riband of rifle shooting, can adequately appreciate the magnitude of Miss Foster's victory. Still, with all due respect to the N.R.A., we should like to see both from a military and a sporting point of view, more moving-target and fewer fixed-target events competed for at the annual rifle shooting meetings at Bisley. Stationary target practice may be essential towards training recruits, and budding big game hunters in the aiming and firing of a rifle. Too much practice at a fixed mark, however, is conducive to slow or pottering marksmanship which is practically useless in modern warfare, and sometimes fatal in big game shooting.

BUT to hark back to the gist of our subject. Within the last two decades, especially since the War, women have become very prominent in every branch of field sport and open-air pastime. We have but to glance through "THE BYSTANDER List of Foxhounds" for the past season to find that no fewer than seventeen sportswomen are entitled to tack those magic capitals, M.F.H. to their surnames, as either Masters or joint Masters of various packs of well-known foxhounds kennelled in their respective countries throughout England, Wales, and the South of Ireland. Lady Masters are conspicuously absent from the Scottish hunt lists, we notice. Apart from women M.F.H.'s, there are not a few of the fair sex who rule over—and in some cases hunt—packs of harriers, beagles, and otterhounds. We venture to predict that even more be-habited Masters will figure in our hunting list for the coming season of 1930-31.

AND what about shooting-women, apart from expert riflewomen of Miss Foster's calibre, there being but little affinity between game and range shooting? There will probably be just as big a muster of English sportswomen on the grouse moors, and in the Scottish deer forests, during the present and next month as took place last year.

TIME was, and it seems not so long ago, when a be-skirted shooter was regarded by mere man as being something of a freak and a menace to be steered clear of on a grouse moor, partridge, or covert shoot. But of late years women devotees of the gun and sporting rifle have come very much into their own, as have all pukka sportswomen. Let us take for example a certain famous airwoman big game shot, who, although well over sixty years of age, accounted for some forty good stags to her own rifle two seasons ago, every individual head being gained by strenuous stalking over very rough mountainous country. To the rifles of the Misses Latilla fell the two best stags yielded by the noted Glenfuick Forest last year, while Mrs. Rich, who has the reputation of being one of the finest big-game shots in the country, displayed great prowess in Lord Lovat's deer forest of Brawlen, in Glensbrethfarrar, leased by Sir John Dewrance.

WE have received from Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., a booklet dealing with that ever controversial problem, the stringing or "tailing" of shot charges. The book deals in the first part with some practical shot-stringing tests, while the second part consists of a discussion of the technical aspect of the stringing of shot charges. Diagrams, tables and photographs illustrate the results and conclusions obtained by practical tests, and a series of tables giving distances separating the front pellets and the 90th per cent., 95th per cent., and last pellet have been evolved from the classical revolving wheel experiments carried out by the late Mr. R. W. S. Griffiths in 1887. This interesting little work ends with a series of conclusions, citing in several instances the opposite view in order to prove the point expressed. The text very clearly proves that tailing of shot charges has no more practical effect at 40 yards than at 30 yards range, also that no appreciable handicap is imposed by "stringing" in the combination of gun and cartridge as they exist. Bystanders can obtain copies of this booklet post free from the Publicity Department, Imperial Chemical House, London, S.W.1.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

READY FITTED GUNS.

AS the opening day draws near and second-hand, or else new guns in finished condition, form the only available armament the necessity for accurate fitting mysteriously disappears, to be replaced by amazing coincidence. That the one gun which appeals should also be just about the right fit is an assurance that many have received and verified by exacting service. The fact of the matter is that so long as a gun has been built on norma lines in the first instance, avoiding the extremes which the latter day expert is too inclined to inflict, there is no reason against buying a gun that "finds the eye"—length of stock being assumed adjustable. Very naturally a large proportion of the guns on offer have 30-inch barrels, being cheaper in consequence. Those who wish to try 25, 26 or 27 inches may be discouraged against cutting them down because they will lose the choke. If they could only realise the efficiency of true cylinder boring and its actual superiority over any degree of choke for 80 per cent. of the chances that present themselves in a day's shooting, they would not hesitate. Whatever amount of choke is favoured a barrel can only be bored one way, that is to give its best result at a particular distance, and choke is more often a handicap than a benefit. In addition is the great advantage of having both barrels shooting alike; hence easy adoption of the good shot's motto to fire plenty of cartridges.

MOTOR NOTES

LAGGARD LIGHTS O' LONDON

By E. M. Wright

L.N.A.

L. Ketring driving an Austin Seven round the drome of the famous "Wall of Death" at Southend. This is the first time this feat has ever been performed by any machine other than a motor cycle

CRITICISM is sometimes expressed that London has made so little progress with automatic traffic signals, while provincial cities, and in particular Edinburgh, have widely adopted this system of control. The answer is, of course, that in considering traffic conditions there is absolutely no comparison between provincial cities and London. In provincial cities bottlenecks and other centres of traffic density are comparatively few and short in extent. In London they often extend for great distances, and the conditions vary so much that advantage must be taken of any easing off to save every possible second. To empty the traffic from, say, Berkeley Street into Piccadilly may take ten seconds at 11.30 and 110 seconds at 11.35. If a traffic robot were fitted at this spot it would have to be set to a period obtained by striking an average of the time required throughout the hours in which this robot were in operation. Such an average can be ascertained easily enough. Suppose it to be thirty seconds, then in the case quoted above at 11.30 the Piccadilly stream would have been held up for twenty seconds for nothing!

UNDER the present system of human traffic control not a second is wasted. And yet traffic congestion increases daily. Even last winter, when so many cars were laid up, there was no perceptible diminution in the number and length of hold-ups. With the delays involved by robot controls, the aggregate waste of time would cause seething chaos in the city and West-End, not to speak of the crowded approach roads from the north, south, east, and west. Where a provincial chief constable has to think in miles and feels it a heavy responsibility, the Metropolitan Police have to think in leagues and think nothing of it. No machine at present envisaged will ever replace the brain work and individual resource of the London traffic policeman, and this is undoubtedly why the Metropolitan Police have hardly even experimented as yet with traffic automatically controlled by machine.

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IT would be interesting if the provincial chief constables, who are so proud of the installation of traffic robots, would answer one rather awkward question. On what other duties are they placing the policemen released by this new development? The road guides supplied by the motoring organisations to help in the traffic control under the old system were loaned as a temporary expedient to assist the police. That they should have been paid for by a small section of road-users was already a glaring anomaly, but that the guides should continue on duty while the police are released to trap and otherwise persecute motorists is an absolute scandal. Rumour whispers that this is just the sort of thing that is happening in several provincial centres, such as Edinburgh. If the chief constables are able to shuffle the cards in their favour and "get away with it" like this, one can hardly blame them; but what are the motoring organisations doing to allow this state of affairs to arise?

Heads for Austin Seven

I HAVE spent a good deal of time and not a little hard cash in hotting up my Austin Seven this Summer, and I have been considerably disappointed with some of the experiments. For example, I had come to the conclusion that these special aluminium cylinder heads were a snare and a delusion, for, though they undoubtedly better the performance, this was only at the expense of very considerable roughness and noise. I had condemned them lock, stock, and barrel in my own mind, when I came across the Alta head, made by the Alta Car and Engineering Company, of Fullers Way, Kingston By-pass.

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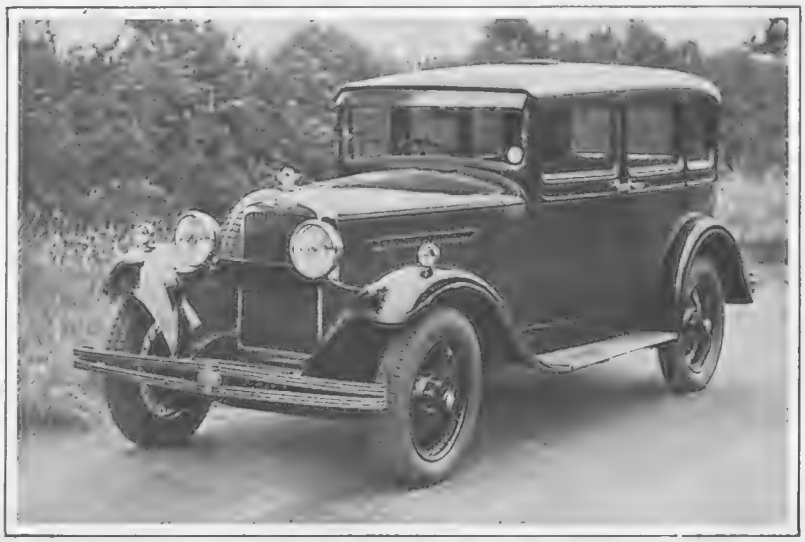
I NOTICED that, in the claims for this, speed takes second place to smoothness, and I agreed (though still

(Continued on page iv)



A standard model Morris Isis Six Saloon. Priced at £385, the equipment includes finger-tip steering wheel controls for switches, ignition and mixture, locks on all doors, roof ventilator, roof lamp, double bumpers, five Dunlop reinforced balloon tyres and detachable wire wheels

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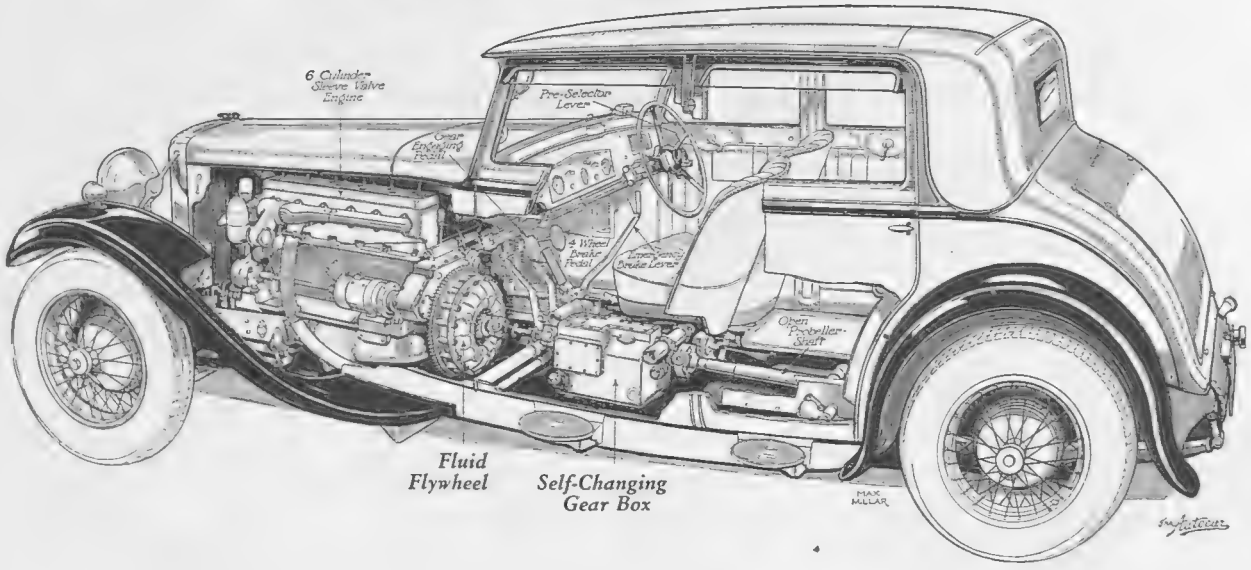

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MOTOR NOTES (continued from page ii)

with some misgiving) to give it a trial on my engine. The first discovery was that, exactly as claimed, increased smoothness was the most outstanding benefit, and this although the compression ratio is almost sensational compared with that of the standard head; the latter has a compression ratio of 5 to 1, while the Alta gives 6.2 to 1. With the standard head the speed range at which all vibration dies down is between 35 to 40 m.p.h. At no other speed could it be said that all vibration was damped out. With the Alta I noticed an immediate improvement; at as low as 28 m.p.h. vibration became practically unnoticeable, and this happy state of affairs continued up to its maximum. The most sensational thing, of course, was the improvement in the performance. The maximum speed, which was 48 to 49 m.p.h., is now 53—and much more easily reached. The acceleration has undoubtedly improved, and the top gear hill-climbing is fully 50 per cent. better. In addition, the engine seems to run cooler. The Alta head is beautifully finished, inside and out, and costs but £3 19*s.* 6*d.* It is the cheapest, simplest, and most efficient way of improving an Austin Seven that I have yet come across.

The "Wall of Death"

I THOUGHT I knew of all the thrills that were to be had with a motor or a motor cycle. I thought I had seen every possible kind of exploit performed by riders who almost literally carried their lives in their hands. But I have experienced one thrill more—as a spectator I hasten to add, for not all the tea in China would induce me to go as a passenger, were it possible, in the stunts which are performed on the "Wall of Death" at the Kursaal in Southend. Imagine a large deep bowl, rather like the inside of a breakfast cup. Imagine, if you can, the truly appalling spectacle of cars and motor cycles racing round on an absolutely vertical wall, after a few circuits on the banking at the bottom of the bowl. First of all we were treated to a number of stunts on motor cycles. These I hesitate to describe lest I should be falsely accused of having lunched too well. As a matter of fact, they so disturbed my equilibrium that I was devoutly glad that I had not yet lunched! Having shown what could be done on two wheels, Mr. Ketring, the leader of this gang of dare-devils, then proceeded to demonstrate that it was quite as easy to drive a little Austin Seven up the side of a house—if you had the nerve. Except for minor modifications, the chassis, I understand, is an absolutely standard job, though, of course, the body is a special one. It was the first time this stunt had been performed in England.

***

THE arrangement of a Customs Guarantee through an Insurance Company, as distinct from a Bank Indemnity, initiated by the A.A., is becoming increasingly popular with those motorists taking their cars abroad. The A.A. has now arranged for the Guarantee formalities to be considerably simplified, and also for the bond taken in conjunction with Insurance against loss of duty to be available at a reduced premium where the duty liability does not exceed £200. E. M. W.

Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught taking delivery of their new Singer Super Six at the company's showrooms at Stratton House, Piccadilly, W. On the left, Mr. W. E. Bullock, the managing director of the company, is seen explaining details of the engine

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

Visit Australia

We must confess that we had never seriously thought of Australia as a land for the pleasure-seeking traveller to visit until we had received from the Orient Steam Navigation Company a remarkably well-produced booklet called "Australia." Following the precept that "Pictures best tell the story," those responsible for the booklet have reproduced in photogravure some exquisite illustrations which very effectively prove that Australia is definitely a country which the traveller should know. The variety of interests and scenery awaiting the visitor to the Commonwealth is truly astonishing. There is infinite scope for the sportsman—even ski-ing may be indulged in in the Australian Alps—whilst surf bathing on the sunny ocean beaches is a most popular pastime. The spirit of modernity prevails in the beautifully situated State capitals; they are well planned, and the shopping and theatre districts are equal to those found in European cities. Naturally, there are many things typically Australian, and these add considerable interest and pleasure to the English visitor's stay. The recommendation to see "up country," and the assurance of a really friendly welcome there, is advice worth acting upon. It is well worth while to write for a copy of this book.

A Real Favourite

Honours have been falling fast to Chivers' Olde English Marmalade. It was used during the recent tour of East Africa by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester. The Royal Research Ships, "Discovery I" and "Discovery II," engaged in an extensive marine survey of the Antarctic, specially requisitioned Chivers' Olde English Marmalade before sailing from England. Then this famous marmalade was ordered by the White Star Shipping Co., for use during the maiden voyage of the "M.V. Britannic"—the world's largest motor liner. Shackleton's famous old ship—"The Quest"—which left London Docks a short time ago on a British Arctic Air Route expedition, had on board a supply of Chivers' Olde English Marmalade. In tropical Uganda, Chivers' Olde English Marmalade is appreciated—a supply having recently been despatched to the order of His Excellency the Acting Governor. The Athling Celebration Company, of Iceland, ordered Chivers' Marmalade for use during the recent festivities arranged in connection with the Iceland Parliament. Honours such as these point conclusively to the fact that the quality of Chivers' Olde English Marmalade is fully appreciated.

A view in the Australian Alps, where the rugged scenery is as beautiful as any in the world

A Voyage of Discovery

A beautifully illustrated book of 94 pages has been issued by the Canadian Pacific describing the forthcoming Round the World Cruise by the "Empress of Australia," which will leave Southampton on November 14th and Monaco on December 16th, on her voyage to lands of enchantment in sunny climes, including many places off the beaten track. Copies of the book may be obtained free on application to the Cruise Department, Canadian Pacific, 62-65, Charing Cross, London, S.W.1.

THE GOURMET : Conducted By Emilia

Dîner

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CAFÉ. DESSERT.

Rougets à la Française

PUT the mullets into a saucepan with 1 oz. of butter, a tablespoonful of Worcester sauce, ditto of anchovy essence, and a glass of white wine; stew till done over a slow fire. Then place the mullets on a hot dish in the oven, and add to the sauce they were cooked in some finely chopped parsley, mushrooms, shallot, a tablespoonful of lemon juice, a lump of sugar, and a little nutmeg; stir over the fire for ten minutes, pour the sauce over the fish, and serve as hot as possible.

Filet de Bœuf Napolitaine

TAKE about 1½ lb. of lean fillet of beef, cut off every scrap of fat, and cut the fillets into slices about an inch and a half thick. Let them soak in the following mixture for half an hour:—A little oil, pepper, salt, a tablespoonful of vinegar, a sprinkle of mixed sweet herbs, and a very small piece of garlic. Broil them on both sides, and serve with Sauce Napolitaine poured round them and fried potatoes.

Sauce.—Melt a piece of butter, add to this one teaspoonful of flour, and stir till it just begins to brown slightly, add one gill of stock, two cloves, three peppercorns, a sprig of parsley, and seasoning to taste. Boil this sauce for ten minutes, skim well, then add a small glass of port wine, boil for ten minutes more, strain, and pour over the fillets.

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The menu of a supper, costing 10s. 6d., served at the Hotel Splendide. It has been signed by the Restaurant Manager

Pigeons Rôtis. Salade d'Oranges

ROAST the pigeons carefully, with a vine leaf on the breast, baste with butter, and serve, when done, with a clear brown gravy and orange salad, prepared as follows:—Rub a salad bowl with a clove of garlic, take two endives, some minced shallot, a small lettuce, and two oranges peeled and cut into small, thick pieces; tear the endives into shreds, add the lettuce and shallot, and three tablespoonfuls of salad oil, salt and pepper to taste; mix thoroughly; then add the strips of orange, a tablespoonful of Chili vinegar, ditto cream; mix well, and serve immediately.

Pouding Glacé à la Portugaise

MIX one quart of vanilla ice-cream with one gill of wine, ¼ lb. of Malaya grapes, 2 oz. of candied orange peel chopped fine, and 1 pint of whipped cream. Then place in the freezer to harden, and serve.

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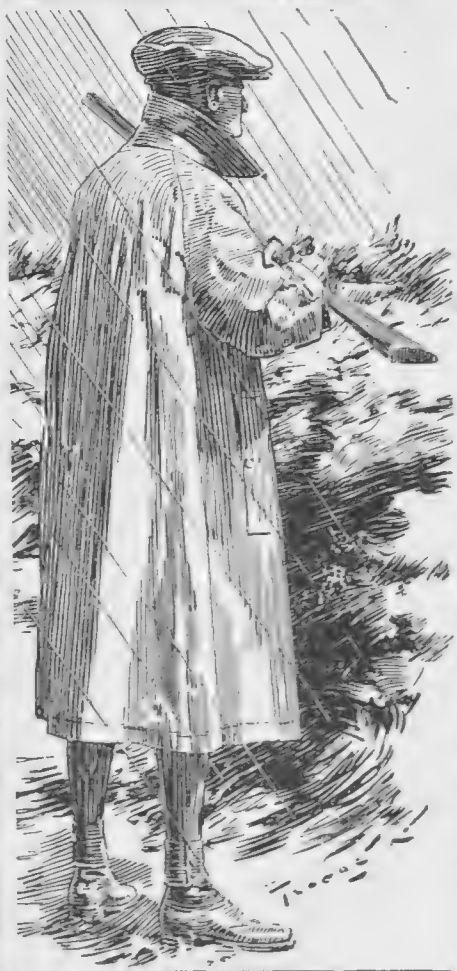

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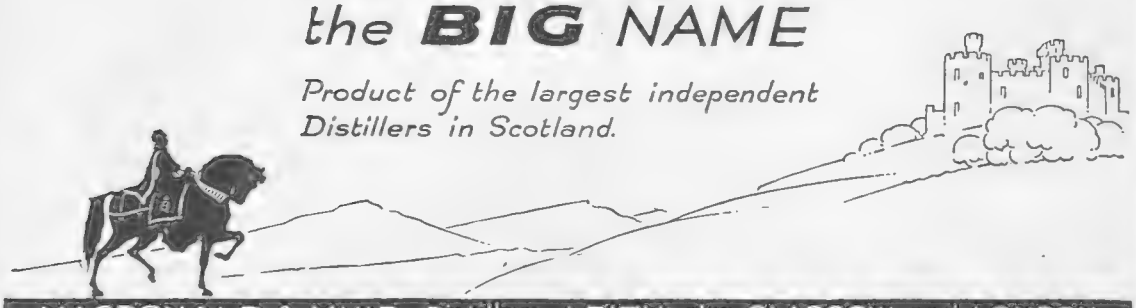

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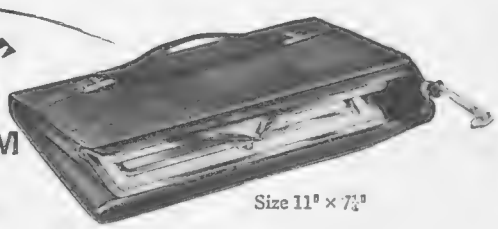

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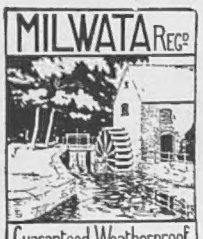

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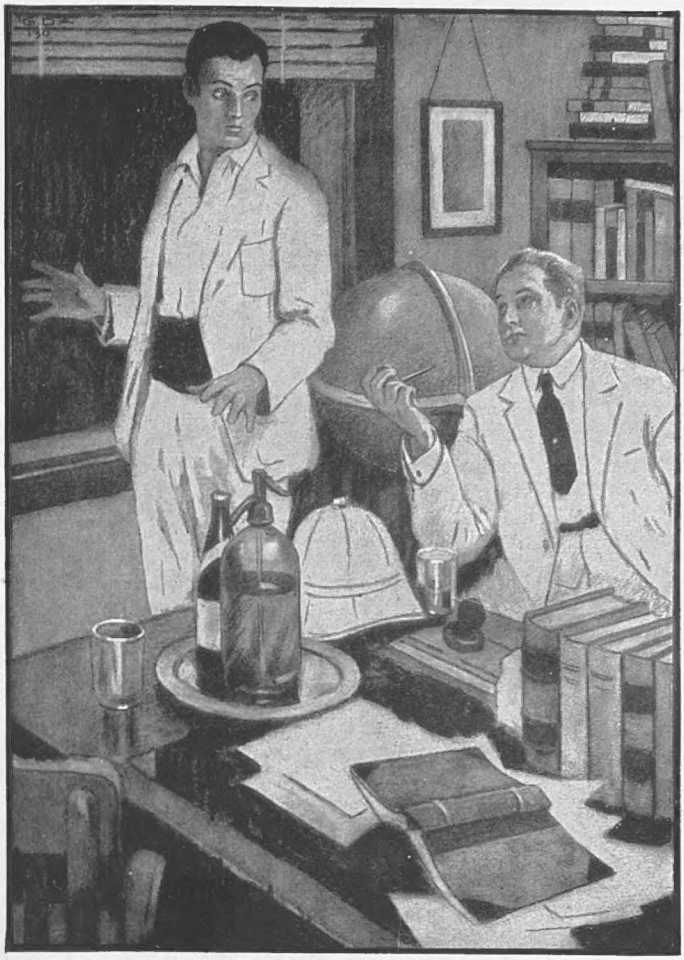

"Did his wife know?" "You mean about the murder?" "Heavens no!" he almost exploded. "Why it was to save her from knowing that he killed the man."

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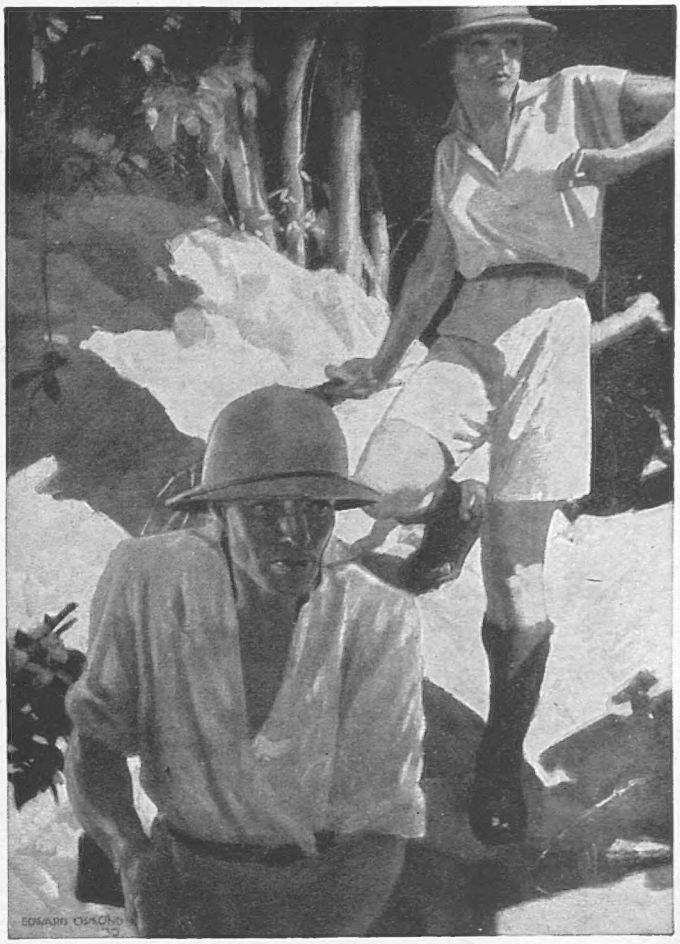

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